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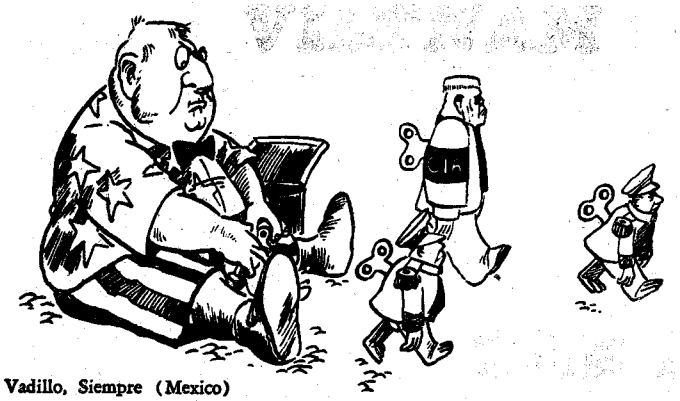

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CASING THE DEMOCRATS NO. 7

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LETTERS

bread and postures

Flushing, N. Y.

O. Edmund Clubb in "Can't We Do Anything Right?" [*The Nation,* Apr. 26] complains that the Jackson-Vanik amendment has hurt the United States economically and has not helped the cause of the dissidents, mostly Jews, who wish to leave the Soviet Union.

It seems to me that his article largely ignores the previous experience Congress and the American public have had with "economic détente" as practiced by the Nixon administration. The famous wheat deal with the Soviets did result in raising the price of wheat and in a lot of profit for some sections of our capitalist economy, but the bulk of our economy was hurt by it, and the people rightly associate the precipitate rise in the cost of bread with that deal. Moreover, while Clubb's article refers to Soviet trade deals now in the making, mostly for natural gas, it is by no means clear just how they are going to pay for that wheat. . . .

Clubb's article makes [the] . . . point that if the United States does not engage in trade [with Russia] then the British, French and Japanese will. . . . [But] there is no reason why the United States should hog all of world trade. These other countries are in much greater need of petroleum and natural gas than we are, and if they get part of their supply from the Soviets it will help relieve the pressure on the world energy sources market. There is no need for the United States to engage directly in the trade in order to benefit from it.

What is important is that, while détente is entirely desirable, our own government must manage it in an effective and businesslike way, and our Congress has little faith that the present Administration will do that. They also feel that they have good reason to distrust the Soviets, and the emigration issue is a touchstone which can detect whether the Soviets have changed their ways. . . .

The Soviets can claim, if they wish, that their trumped-up trials of dissidents, Jews and others are their own affair, but they cannot make that idea stick. Certainly we will not go to war with them in order to change those policies, but we do not have to give them most-favored-nation trading status either. *That* decision is our own internal affair. . . .

Abraham S. Endler

New York City

Mr. Endler observes that the 1972 wheat sale to the USSR raised the price of bread in the United States. Of course it did—even as the sale of American grain to other countries tends to do. The way to have cheap bread is obviously to refuse to sell wheat abroad, and perhaps to impose a system of domestic price controls besides. But over the years Washington has consistently pressed Europe to open its doors wider to American grain; and Congress, instead of working to hold down food prices paid by the consumer, opts for price *supports* for agricultural products . . . and the price of bread is thus kept artificially high anyway.

It has not been reported, so far as I know, that the USSR has defaulted on any payment on the wheat deal. . . .

Of course, the United States in the 1950s and 1960s was within its sovereign rights in maintaining a near-total embargo on trade, except as licensed, with the USSR. *And of course,* the United States may *now,* if it chooses, prohibit the purchase of Soviet raw materials. . . . But Washington in 1972 in fact decided upon a different policy line; and those who would now deny American businessmen the right to buy Soviet primary materials—if it is found profitable to do so—bear the burden of arguing for a return to restrictive policies at a time when foreign trade is lagging.

President Nixon in 1972, at Moscow even as at Peking, committed the United States to the principle of noninterference in the internal affairs of other states. . . . Since Endler inferentially grants that the United States is not in a position to *force* the USSR to change its domestic policies, does he propose not only that the pledged word shall be disregarded but that the potential for profitable—and useful—economic exchanges should be rejected in favor of fruitless political posturing?. . .

O. Edmund Clubb

EDITORIALS

Vietnam and Isolationism

With the collapse of the Saigon regime a spate of officials—including President Ford and Secretaries Kissinger and Schlesinger, along with former Secretary of State Dean Rusk and others—have been voicing ominous warnings about a threatened "retreat to isolationism." Sentiment of that sort may be increasing, but it is difficult to find evidence of an isolationist trend. However, the real question is, where did the notion arise that American foreign policy of recent decades has rested on internationalist assumptions and values?

By definition, the cold-war policy of containment proclaimed a very large area of the earth's surface off-limits to American trade, cultural and other exchanges. Russia, China, Eastern Europe, Albania, even Cuba, just over the horizon, were placed in "outer darkness" and denounced as barbarian regimes with which only the iciest contacts were permissible. From the outset, Washington tried to use the U.N. as an instrumentality of U.S. foreign policy, thus distorting and weakening the structure of the organization. After first correctly pursuing an anti-colonial policy, as in the case of Indonesia, we decided to back such colonial powers as France and Portugal, thereby adding to the existing international turbulence and discord. The heavily funded CIA was permitted with its "dirty tricks" division to practice a strange kind of "internationalism," consisting of bribery, subversion, attempted assassinations and similar kinds of direct intervention in the affairs of other states.

In pursuit of the same mistaken policy, we gave lavish economic and military aid to regimes in Greece, Spain, Portugal, Taiwan and elsewhere which suppressed human rights and ruled by dictatorial power. As Samuel Popkin, an astute observer of Vietnam, has pointed out, U.S. intervention had the effect of attracting the sharpest and most opportunistic Vietnamese into competition for control of the military and other riches we were pouring into Indochina and thereby aggravated the existing struggle for power. In his view, the problem was largely interventionism itself. And if the spread of Communist regimes is seen as a threat to international order *per se*—a debatable premise—then this country's rigid, unrelenting "anti-Communist" policies gave added appeal to Communist "anti-imperialist" propaganda and helped such regimes maintain their internal controls, as in Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Cuba. The new Vietnam is now a major force in Southeast Asia with a population of 42 million, potentially rich resources and a vast arsenal of military equipment, most of it American materiel abandoned by our "ally."

And what is one to say of the implications for international peace, order and development, of the funds Washington has wasted on armaments at a time when the world economy was being undermined by inflationary and other pressures? Rhetorically, American policy in the post-1945 period may have stressed international values, but the thrust was toward American dominance, and that in itself is a kind of "retreat to isolationism"—note this country's

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current isolation from the countries of the Third World. The internationalists among us should, therefore, be cheered by the prospect that, with the illusion of dominance dissipated, we may attempt to structure a post-Vietnam policy based on world realities, including the state of the American economy and the limited usefulness of nuclear military power. A good place to begin may be the coming (September 1) session of the General Assembly of the U.N., for which Third World countries have prepared what is described as a realistic agenda. Clarence C. Ferguson, Jr., the U.S. representative, refers to this agenda as "an invitation to dance, at least." So, as a change from scolding, threatening, arm-twisting and bribing, let us try dancing.

Corporate Corruption

Successive disclosures of corporate corruption—more specifically of the corruption of corporate officers—have set the draperies to trembling in board rooms from coast to coast. They have also begun to spawn a number of apologias, rebuttals and defenses. In *The New York Times* of May 4, Murray L. Weidenbaum, an economist who has held a number of important government posts, examines "the causes of business corruption," with specific reference to the illegal campaign contributions of large American corporations. As he sees it, the executives who knowingly broke the law were nevertheless not personally corrupt; rather, they were compelled to yield to demands from "representatives of a powerful government which was in the position to do great harm to the company. . . .The basic impetus comes from the awesome power that through the political process government has been given over business. . . ." It is often difficult to draw a precise line between bribery and extortion. No doubt, some executives may have been apprehensive about what the Nixon administration could and probably would do by way of retaliation against corporations that did not respond to the arm-twisting of Maurice Stans (Maury the Enforcer), but it is a reasonable inference that they were more concerned about advantages to be obtained than about possible reprisals. In the late 1930s, Hollywood film company executives turned over $3 million in payoffs to two Chicago gangsters who had seized control of a large union in the industry. These executives had some reason to fear what might happen if the payoffs were not made, but they were also intensely interested in using a gangster-controlled union to police 10,000 or 12,000 studio workers.

The most recent corporate scandals encourage the conclusion that the issue of corruption is more complex than Mr. Weidenbaum sees it to be. These involve the payment of possibly hundreds of millions of dollars annually in the form of bribes and payoffs by American corporations to overseas agents, consultants and officials of foreign governments (see story by Michael C. Jensen, *The New York Times*, May 5). Here again the plea is advanced that such payments were necessary in order to win concessions, favors and contracts, usually for military hardware. Jensen reports that this kind of bribe goes by different names, depending on the country where it is paid. In the Middle East it is "baksheesh," in Latin America, "la mordita," in Africa, "dash." In most of the reported instances it was not a case of harm being done or threatened but rather of

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corporate eagerness to gain an advantage. There was no element of coercion from host governments, since the decision to seek the contract or concession rested with the executives of the American corporations involved. The "awesome" power of the federal government was not a factor, though, Jensen reports, Washington officials did encourage, and often officially sanctioned, the payoffs to overseas agents and consultants and officials of foreign governments. The large American corporation is not a defenseless entity to be pushed this way and that by power-mad Washington bureaucrats; as studies of power relations between the federal government apd large corporations indicate, it dNes most of the pushing, most of the time. The way ITT pressed its demands against the Nixon administration is a striking illustration of where the real power lies. The government is, at least in theory, responsible to the people and, occasionally, as Watergate demonstrated, an administration can be held accountable for misdeeds and corruption. But by what means and through what agencies can corporate power be made socially responsible? That is indeed a problem of "awesome" dimensions.

The Wallace Problem

Gov. George Wallace will formally announce his candidacy on June 5. There never was much doubt that he would run, since running for the Presidency is his favorite occupation; this will be his fourth try. Since his emergence in national politics, Wallace has posed a threat to both parties, but the Democrats view him with more apprehension than do the Republicans, perhaps because he is nominally a Democrat and hails from the Deep South. That he is a pest to the Democrats cannot be denied. He is well-known; he is a practiced demagogue; he is shrewd and he knows how to marshal the discontented. He also has an important intangible asset: he is credible. First and last, in season and out, he is George Wallace, and not some plastic ever-changing personality. He comes on as the kind of person he is and not as a slick political type who varies promises and appeals according to the prejudices of the audience. Also, he has been the beneficiary of the leadership vacuum in the Democratic Party. Neither Senator Jackson nor Senator Bentsen displays much magnetism. They both have ample funds and good organizations and important sources of support, but they are no match for Wallace in some primaries. Morris Udall and Fred Harris and Jimmy Carter (see article p. 592) are attractive candidates but not well-known; Terry Sanford is a solid contender—"everyone's second choice"—but not a front runner. If the Democratic contestants other than Wallace could agree on a strategy of parceling out the primaries in each case to the strongest anti-Wallace candidate, then the risk of his capturing primaries might be minimized. But such a strategy is unthinkable; Democratic rivals never cooperate. So Wallace is a problem, and various ill-advised attempts to eliminate primaries as a means of shutting him out have merely advertised his candidacy.

There is massive dissatisfaction with both major parties because of economic insecurity, mass unemployment and the debacle of Vietnam, for which Wallace has begun to blame "the doves." He has also implied that he will make an issue of the assassinations, potentially an explosive issue. But Wallace also has weaknesses. He has not the ghost of a program—he doesn't believe in programs. He is "against" this and that, emphatically but not intelligently. His record as Governor of Alabama is wretched (*The Wall Street Journal* of April 28 and *The New York Times* of May 5 carried devastating analyses). His greatest weakness is his physical disability. It arouses some sympathy, but voters are aware of the demands of the Presidency, and not even the memory of Roosevelt will dispose of the issue. It is painful to see Wallace slowly struggle from chair to podium. Also, as a candidate he is old hat.

But Wallace has two major assets: a well-run personal organization and a third-party mechanism. If he needs to go the third-party route he can, and he is about the only one who can. The American Independent Party is qualified in Alabama (9 electoral votes), California (45), Connecticut (8), Nevada (3), New Mexico (4), Pennsylvania (27) and South Carolina (8): total, 104. A rival conservative party—the American Party—might join forces with potential electoral votes as follows: Kansas (7), Massachusetts (14), Michigan (21), South Carolina (8), Utah (4) and Wisconsin (11): total, 65. A Reagan-Wallace ticket would increase the hazard, such as it is, but at the moment Reagan is making such headway among conservative Republicans that he is not likely to join Wallace.

So, faced with the Wallace problem—which is real and will not go away—the Democrats have an obvious and viable option: the convention, which will probably be held in New York or Los Angeles, can erupt with wild enthusiasm for Sen. Edward Kennedy, who would no doubt yield to a genuine draft. Then, if Kennedy were to select a Southerner for his running mate—Askew, Carter, Sanford or Bentsen—the Wallace bugaboo would be licked, at least as a party problem. The Wallace forces could be shown the exits and this, all things considered, might be the best thing that could happen to the party from a long-term point of view. Kennedy is popular with many of the constituencies on which Wallace depends for power. And Senator Jackson is probably correct when he says that more Republicans than Democrats would vote for Wallace *as a third-party* candidate. The moment he leaves the Democratic convention his Southern-Democrat appeal is minimized. It is significant that successful Southern politicians of the new breed are not intimidated by Wallace; they know—their experience attests—that the winning combination in most Southern states today is a constituency of loyal Democrats, young voters, liberals, blacks and (in Texas and some other states) Chicanos.

The prime hazard with Senator Kennedy is that he is a well-publicized target for a sniper's bullet, a risk which, given his demonstrated personal courage, he could not be induced to minimize. Chappaquiddick would be a factor, but less important than it would have been in 1972. A man who has borne the weight of the problems that have descended on Kennedy is no weakling, and his stands on bussing and abortion do him great credit. But even if he were not drafted or declined the nomination, the Democrats are not without leaders—Church, Stevenson, Nelson, Muskie, McGovern and others—who, in combination with a Southerner of the type mentioned, could cope with the Wallace problem. In essence, the solution is to tell Wallace to get packing. If, on the other hand, the Democrats try to temporize with him or to strike a bargain, the consequences could be disastrous.

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'A Reasonable Little Proposal'

Sen. Philip Hart, still fighting an uphill battle against the nation's collusive monopolies, may find the struggle a bit easier this year. Senators Ervin and Gurney are gone from his Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly of the Judiciary. The subcommittee has been expanded by one, and the three new members—Abourezk, Bayh and Mathias—see things much as Hart does. For the first time since the subcommittee was established there seems to be a majority committed to the mandate of its name. Not even Estes Kefauver had a sympathetic membership when he was chairman. And even though the parent committee, chaired by Senator Eastland, is still distinctly rear-guard, Hart's apparent 6-to-4 majority may be able to angle through a few needed reforms.

The Michigan Democrat's pet project for his group seems to be what he calls a "reasonable little proposal"—an Industrial Reorganization Commission (IRC) which would break up the nation's giant monopolies. As Hart has noted, 200 of the nation's 400,000 manufacturing concerns control two-thirds of the country's manufacturing assets. The effect of such concentration on the economic and political process has become so obvious that, says Hart, a recent poll shows 75 per cent of the American people believe too much power is concentrated in a few large corporations. Specifically, Hart wants the IRC to look at industries involved with autos, steel, energy, chemicals and drugs, nonferrous metals, electrical machinery and equipment and electronic computing and communications equipment. Following reorganization planning, he would have the IRC prosecute monopolies before a special court. With proper toughening of the antitrust laws, these suits, Hart says, would constitute a one-shot attack that could restore competition to the national economy. "The commission would die in fifteen years," he told the *National Observer*, "after which we would rely on the existing antitrust laws to sustain the competitive structure. In short, the bill provides the corrective surgery and then the patients are discharged."

While Congressional passage of such legislation seems exceedingly distant, the possible collapse of some of the nation's corporate dinosaurs might accelerate the extent of government involvement in the economy. While General Motors and the other auto makers are not yet appealing for overt government bail-out, the latest sales figures indicate losing trends that will not be soon reversed. Domestic new car sales dropped last month 26 per cent below those for April 1974 (hardly a banner month in itself). At the same time, foreign car sales rose 26 per cent last month from April 1974 and more than one of every five new cars sold in this country was made abroad. Only a few of these imports come from American overseas subsidiaries.

One initial response to these figures seems to be a raising of the old protectionist cry which, if answered by Congress, will play havoc with moves toward freer international trade. It's not the answer, and Detroit knows what the answer is. Says Lee Iacocca, president of Ford, "The main reason for the recent success of the imports is fuel economy." American auto makers are plainly unable (or unwilling) to supply the products mileage-conscious domestic consumers demand.

In Britain a similar situation has deteriorated to the point where the government, to save jobs and international trade advantages, has acquired majority control of British Leyland. An essential part of that nationalization may be a kind of internal divestiture: a study commission has recommended the breakup of the company into four divisions (cars, trucks, special products and international operations) as well as elimination of internal bogus competition (like that between G.M.'s Buick and Oldsmobile) that jacks up profits but does nothing to meet consumer needs.

The proposal is innovative, as is Hart's IRC. Yet compelling arguments have been advanced that, within the capitalist system, divestiture is an issue that draws attention away from the need for real structural change and ignores questions of class exploitation and control, as well as production waste. Critics of divestiture point to the ballyhooed breakup of the Rockefeller oil and Duke tobacco trusts as paradigmatic nonsolutions. Yet in America, where nationalization of the losers is still not yet fully accepted—viz., the controversy surrounding the bankrupt railroads—antitrust action may prove to be a vital consciousness raiser, a necessary prerequisite to socialization and decentralization of control. Precisely because historically antitrust action, in its rare trials, has failed to solve the problems implicit in monopoly capitalism and because it is still raised by liberals as the salvation of "free enterprise," it needs to be given a full-scale test. Hart's reconstituted subcommittee seems to be the place where the initiative could begin.

Funny Indians

The Bicentennial year is still months away, yet already Mobil is polluting the media with propaganda revising Revolutionary history to serve it less than revolutionary goals. In a particularly odious ad, headlined "Sam Adams: a radical for today," the energy combine gives a loud hurrah for the 1773 Boston Tea Party, compares legislators who oppose Mobil's wanton plunder of both the environment and consumers' dwindling incomes to King George and the East India Company and likens itself to that brave band of heroes who dumped the company's tea into Boston harbor. Special dishonors are bestowed upon those in Congress who want to set up a federal oil and gas company in competition with the energy conglomerates.

Mobil doesn't quite put it that way, of course, and its highly readable arguments may succeed in hoodwinking the untutored. But the facts belie the fantasy. If anything, Mobil and the other petroleum plutocrats are the East India companies of today. Tea is not oil and Mobil could, with today's dollar at least, purchase the East India interests many times over. And while the company says it is the guardian of the revolutionary fight for free trade, its record of fighting for subsidies and import quotas makes clear that Mobil, like East India with its imperial scope and quasi-governmental status, has a distinct distaste for real competition.

The Bicentennial is bound to be commercialized enough without this kind of historical grave-robbing so early in the game. Though in point of fact there is a lesson for Mobil in the history of the East India Company. After it was realized that the interests of the company and the Empire were not always congruent, the company gradually came under government control.

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VIETNAM: THE FINAL DECEPTIONS

RICHARD A. FALK

After fifteen years of continuous American involvement in the war for control of Southern Vietnam, one's first impulse is to breathe a sigh of relief that this ugliest chapter in American history is at last at an end. There is a further impulse to join the Administration in its plea that we forgo recriminations by leaving the task of assessing our experience in Vietnam to historians and, instead, marshal the energies of America to meet the mounting challenges both at home and abroad that threaten soon to engulf this nation in economic, political and ecological woes.

And yet it seems too soon to give way to these impulses. For one thing, there is still much important unfinished business left over from the war:

—The extension of an unconditional amnesty to those young Americans who are still suffering for their acts of opposition to the war (i.e., draft resisters, deserters, recipients of less than honorable discharges).

—The extension of large-scale humanitarian and reconstruction aid to all of Indochina through the medium of international institutions and private relief agencies.

—The improvement of facilities for all those Americans wounded in body or mind by the experience of combat, as well as an absolute national commitment to find secure and appropriate jobs for every veteran of Vietnam.

In my view, a serious commitment to this three-part program by our national political leadership could help clear the domestic atmosphere and, perhaps, restore the national confidence required to face the tasks of the future.

Unfortunately, our present leadership does not yet appear inclined to move in this direction. The spirit of reconciliation requires more than amnesia. It requires a vision that transcends the controversies of the past, coupled with integrity about acknowledging how and why the war ended as it did. President Ford and Secretary Kissinger have, up to this very hour, dealt falsely with the last stage of the war in Vietnam. The American people have once again been misled, as they have been on so many other occasions in the past decade and a half. The collapse of Saigon is alternatively blamed on North Vietnamese violations of the Paris agreements, on Soviet and Chinese military aid to North Vietnam in excess of what we gave to South Vietnam and on a Congress that failed to send Saigon what it needed to survive militarily. These assorted accusations convey a set of almost totally false impressions.

The most important distortion is the charge, made repeatedly by Ford and Kissinger, that the Paris agreements collapsed because of actions by the other side. The liberal press has largely supported the Administration's contentions. The issue as to who is responsible for violating the Paris agreements is not a merely academic matter; it influences the public mood in America, and indirectly bears on such questions as reconstruction aid, amnesty and postwar diplomatic relations between the United States and Indochina. As long as it remains credible to blame the other side for resuming warfare after the negotiated cease-fire in 1973, it is plausible to remain self-righteous about the American role in the final phase of the war and to maintain a hostile and aloof posture toward the new governments in Indochina. Therefore, it is crucial to correct the false account that has so far been impressed on the public mind by the distortions of our official institutions.

The Paris agreements had two parts: the first, an agreement that the United States would stop bombing and mining Vietnam in exchange for the release of American POWs held by Hanoi; the second, a bargain to establish a cease-fire in South Vietnam in exchange for a political process that gave some promise of settling the struggle to control South Vietnam. I believe that up to October 1972 Kissinger was sincere in negotiating this bargain, but that he underestimated Nguyen Van Thieu's opposition to the second part of the bargain as well as the leverage that Thieu could exert in Washington by simply withholding his signature. Because the North Vietnamese were determined to link both sections of the agreement, Thieu's refusal to sign meant that the first part, the part Washington cared about, would not be carried out. How, then, were Kissinger and Nixon to get Thieu to sign the Paris agreement despite his implacable and ill-disguised opposition to its explicit terms? Virtually all subsequent events flowed from this central dilemma.

The answer to this key question can be formulated along these lines: in the weeks after October 1972 Kissinger and Nixon entered into a parallel set of secret understandings with Thieu that nullified the obligations stipulated by the public agreement on the table at Paris. These secret understandings appear to have included the following elements:

—Carpet bombing of the Hanoi-Haiphong area in December 1972.

—Massive military aid to Saigon just before and after signing the Paris agreement.

—Assurances that Washington would not press Saigon to carry out its obligations under part two of the Paris bargain, namely, to release political prisoners [Art. 8(c)], establish political freedoms [Art. 11], create a tripartite National Council of Concord and Reconciliation [Art. 12(a)] and organize general elections to select a permanent government for South Vietnam [Art. 9(b) and 12(b)].

—A pledge that the United States would reintervene directly in the event of a North Vietnamese offensive (this pledge is substantiated by the Nixon-Thieu correspondence).

—Assurances that after the Paris signing the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam (PRG) would again be treated by Washington as the "Vietcong" and that Saigon would again be regarded as the sole legitimate government of South Vietnam.

The reintervention pledge made to Thieu was, perhaps, the most flagrant undertaking by the United States in violation of the Paris agreement. In Article 4 the United States had accepted a unilateral commitment formulated as follows: "The United States will not continue its mili-

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tary involvement or intervene in the internal affairs of South Vietnam." It is significant that the terms of Article 4 were neither reciprocal nor conditional. North Vietnam accepted no comparable obligation toward South Vietnam, nor was the American pledge conditioned on North Vietnamese compliance. Yet, anticipating a violation of the Paris agreement, Nixon gave official assurances to Thieu. In his letter of November 14, 1972 he writes: "You have my absolute assurance that if Hanoi fails to abide by the terms of this agreement it is my intention to take swift and severe retaliatory action." And then again in Nixon's letter of January 5, 1973: ". . . we will respond with full force should the settlement be violated by North Vietnam."

Such secret assurances in the form of letters between heads of state constitute an "Executive agreement" binding on the government. The fact that this secret agreement with Saigon contravenes the public agreement previously negotiated with the North Vietnamese is decisive on the issue of bad faith in Washington. President Ford's claim of "Executive privilege" as the basis for withholding the full exchange between Thieu and Nixon demonstrates that the ghost of Watergate still stalks the land. But even within its own terms Nixon's published letters projected into the future the kind of unilateralism that had led us into Vietnam in the first place. Even if there had been no absolute nonintervention pledge written into the Paris agreement, the terms of Nixon's reintervention pledge was premised on violations by North Vietnam. But who was to decide what constitutes a violation, or the identity of the violator? Clearly, Nixon had in mind any effective use of military power by the other side. But suppose, as was the case, that Saigon resumed the war first and the other side reacted? Or suppose, again as actually happened, that the other side reluctantly abandoned the cease-fire when it became clear that the political provisions of the agreement had been totally repudiated by Saigon with the acquiescence of Washington? In such a situation, it is self-serving in the extreme to regard North Vietnam as the violator of the Paris agreement, but that is precisely the interpretation our leaders have been disseminating in recent weeks.

An impartial judgment as to who is responsible for the breakdown of the Paris agreements is not likely to be made at an official level. The ten governments that guaranteed the agreements would find it "academic" to pass judgment at this point, and would undoubtedly be unable, for political reasons, to reach an agreement among themselves. Given the delicacy of his role, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, in whose presence the Act of Guaranty was made at Paris on March 2, 1973, would be unwilling to assess legal responsibility, however clear the legal situation. Nevertheless, the conclusions seem self-evident—before the Paris agreements took effect, Washington reached an understanding with Saigon that was incompatible with the express undertakings and which assured Saigon that it would be protected by the military might of the United States even if South Vietnam defied the political bargain.

The North Vietnamese and the PRG saw the Paris agreements as a great step toward victory because they felt sure that they would prevail in the anticipated political competition. Correspondents visiting PRG territory after January 1973 reported that the Paris agreements were venerated second only to Ho Chi Minh. PRG and North Vietnamese forces held back during most of 1973 and even

Garland, London Daily Telegraph

accepted losses of territory when, after the Paris signing, Saigon launched a land, sea and air offensive that recaptured as many as 400 hamlets held by the PRG. What the North Vietnamese did do, recalling their bitter experience with the 1954 Geneva accords, was strengthen their logistical capacity to revive the war in the South, should Saigon continue to repudiate the political bargain and the United States do nothing to insure its implementation. In 1975, shortly after the so-called "decent interval," the North Vietnamese-PRG launched their offensive. The results exceeded all expectations when the North's concerted drive overran the Saigon military establishment, despite the latter's military edge, total control of the air and relatively short supply lines. Due to corruption and weak morale, the Saigon military—with a few exceptions—had neither the will nor the capability to resist. To say that the North Vietnamese were violating the Paris agreements is almost beside the point. Given Saigon's refusal to carry out the political bargain, on what basis could the cease-fire rest, short of an absurd expectation that Hanoi and the PRG would make a unilateral renunciation of force, while Saigon went on with the war and political repression? In truth, because of Congressional action, probably combined with Executive ambivalence, the Administration failed to carry out either the *open* agreement it had signed in Paris, or the *secret* understandings negotiated with Thieu. In effect, once American POWs were safely home, our policy was basically that of disappointing the reasonable expectations held by both our adversaries in Hanoi and our "friends" in Saigon, thus demonstrating our pervasive indifference to the well-being of Vietnam.

On the relative amount of military aid given to both sides, figures are hard to get, but according to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, basing its sources on the "U.S. intelligence community," the combined Chinese-Soviet military aid to North Vietnam was $300 million in 1973 and $400 million in 1974. In contrast, the United States gave South Vietnam $2.2 billion worth of military

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aid for fiscal year 1973, $937 million for fiscal year 1974, $700 million for fiscal year 1975. And this does not include the value of the aid given around the time of the Paris signing.

Concerning Congressional reluctance during the last weeks of conflict to authorize military assistance to Saigon requested by the Administration, there seems no serious reason to believe that an additional few hundred million dollars would have made any difference. Without the actual presence of the American military machine, Saigon, on its own, had never stopped an offensive by the other side.

This review of the facts enables us now to interpret the ending of the war in Vietnam. There seems little doubt that the North Vietnamese scored an epic victory, surely the greatest triumph by an underdog in modern warfare. This triumph should be understood mainly as a heroic phase of the anti-colonial movement: Vietnam, finally, belongs to the Vietnamese. What will happen next is still uncertain, but it is hard to imagine that even "worst case" possibilities could approach the agony of these last fifteen years.

It is not too late for Americans to learn why we should have never helped the French in the early 1950s and why we could never make a positive contribution by bringing our military power to bear on Indochina. It is disappointing that our leaders and media are so slow to draw these conclusions. And it is discouraging that not even our students are moved to celebrate the coming of peace to Vietnam.

Struggle against official American policies toward the Third World is still needed. Disclosures of the CIA role in "destabilizing" Allende's government in Chile or of official Washington opposition to moderate socialism in Portugal suggest that the men who brought us Vietnam have, at most, merely changed their tactics. Our policy makers seem no less counterrevolutionary in 1975 than they did in 1960, and so we can expect a host of efforts around the world to do quietly and effectively what we did so clumsily and unsuccessfully in Vietnam. In high Washington circles, there is even present a sly admiration for "the Prague model," i.e., the brutally effective Soviet intervention of 1968 in Czechoslovakia. Only if American public opinion is informed and vigilant can we reorient our foreign policy toward the sort of values we proclaim for our own society. □

MORALS AND POLITICS

THE TRUTH IS VERY SIMPLE

RONALD SAMPSON

London

Perhaps the most celebrated of Socrates' aphorisms is his statement that "it is better to suffer than to do evil." If this proposition were put to a vote, I doubt that anyone would be very keen to oppose it—at least in an open vote. It has an authentic ring; it says something that we all feel we ought to approve. No doubt a great many people, if put to the test, would be found to act upon it in their personal behavior. But if you were to take any specific issue with which public opinion is concerned at a given moment, and suggest to the proverbial man in the street that the issue should be resolved in accordance with that abstractly unexceptional principle, he would undoubtedly think you had taken leave of your senses. Does this mean that we are simply hypocritical, and that a wide gap divides what we profess to believe on the subject of ethics and what we actually do in our day-to-day behavior? I think most people would be reluctant to accept that explanation of the matter, at least without some sort of saving qualification. More likely would be the time-worn explanation that what is true in guiding face-to-face relations ceases to be true as soon as you move from the personal to the public or institutional sphere of social life.

By far the most obvious example of this dual morality is to be found in the sphere of what is euphemistically termed "defense" of national sovereignty. Perhaps the darkest aspect of contemporary life is the fact that the nuclear arms race, the most horrifying dimension of human life yet known on this planet, is the one subject calculated in any company to arouse the greatest boredom. We used to say that people just don't want to know. We can't say that any more; people do know, and they are bored stiff by the subject. That is because people have persuaded themselves of two things: that there is nothing they can do about it, and that it doesn't matter anyway, since we have learned to live with it. I quote briefly from a late practitioner in this field to describe just what it is we have learned to live with. The extract is from Nikita Khrushchev's *Memoirs*, cited in *The Times* (May 10, 1974):

> To those people who claim that the development of nuclear weapons precludes war, I say that the development of nuclear weapons precludes *limited* war, that is, it precludes war fought with conventional weapons. Now there is the ever-present danger that big states will be drawn into a military conflict between smaller states; . . . if it ever comes down to a question of whether or not to face defeat, there is sure to be someone who will be in favour of pushing the button, and the missiles will begin to fly.

Later, referring to Nixon's reversal of Johnson's restraint in developing an ABM system, and the consequent stimulus to the USSR's own program, which in turn reactivated the Pentagon's, he wrote:

> The case of the ABMs is a perfect example of how idiotic the arms race is. The spiral of competition is an unending waste of human intellectual and material resources, and it increases the chances of a military catastrophe—a World War III.

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And from this reasoning he concluded:

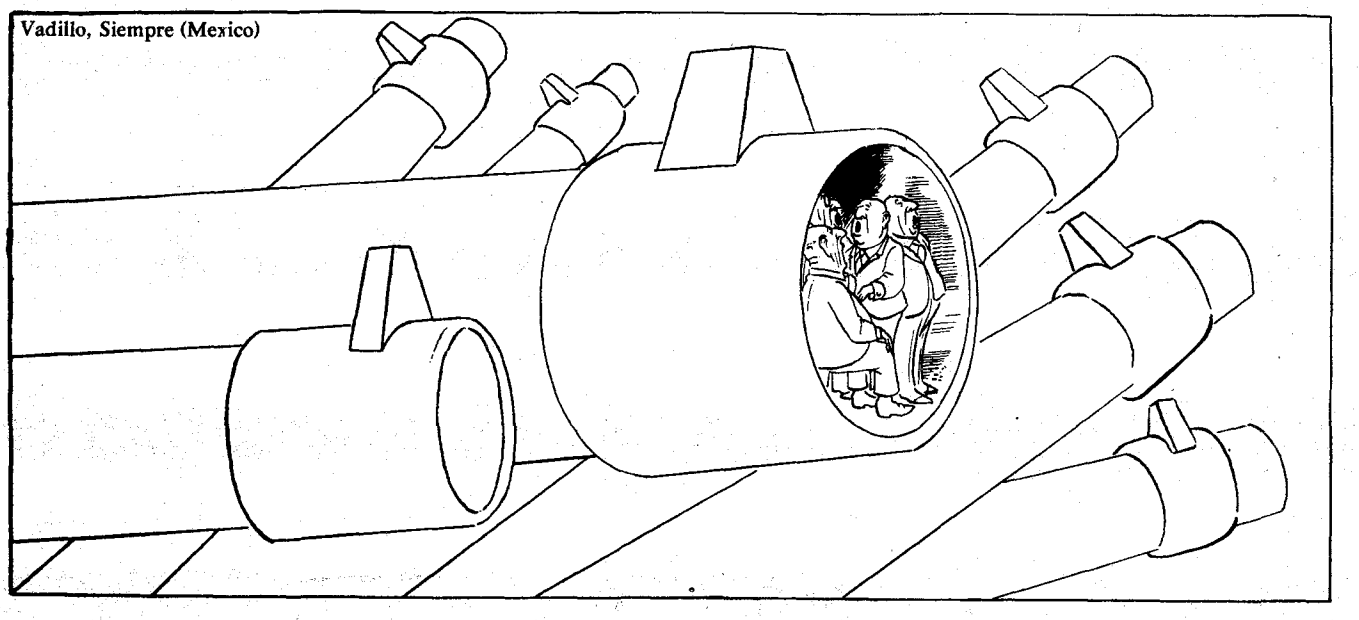
> We must remember that the advancement of science and technology can be like a whip, cracking over our heads, encouraging us to spend more and more money on national security. We can always build better rockets or better bombs tomorrow than the ones we have today. But the goal of accumulating the very latest weapons in sufficient quantity to be completely safe, once and for all—that goal is an illusion, a dream.

What Khrushchev writes on this subject is true, but of course he does not propose the one thing needful—that the USSR stop producing such devilish weapons—and in this he differs not a whit from the politicians of every other nuclear power.

Since Khrushchev wrote, his ominous words have been reinforced by events. It is true that neither of the superpowers was actually drawn into the Yom Kippur war, but that conflict threw into sharp relief the frailty of the so-called détente when subjected to the strain of conventional war between powers who are largely client states of the superpowers; and its effect on the availability and price of the world's energy supplies led Mr. Kissinger to state that the United States might have to contemplate the use of force in the hypothetical event of any state taking action which would vitally disrupt his country's energy supplies.

Bernard Field, professor of physics at M.I.T. and secretary-general of the Pugwash Conference on Science and World Affairs, has stated his view that the odds are three to one that a nuclear weapon will be used in a conflict before 1984 (cf. *The Times*, October 11, 1974). Given the horrific, anti-human nature of the assumptions upon which modern "defense" systems rest, I have often wondered how those who are involved in the business as part of their routine work manage to retain their emotional and moral stability. Very occasionally one reads of some lone individual who asks obvious questions and pays the predictable penalty. For example, Maj. Harold Hering, after twenty years in the U.S. Air Force, which included five volunteered tours of additional duty in Vietnam, found himself assigned to a missile crew at Vandenberg Air Force Base in California. He never refused to launch a nuclear weapon nor is he a conscientious objector, but he did ask, "What checks and balances are there to assure that a launch could not be effected by the President gone berserk?" Consequently, on January 12, 1975, he was cited by an Air Force board of inquiry for having a defective attitude toward his duties and discharged. But what sort of people are all those who do not have "defective" attitudes and who continue to discharge their assignments properly, right up to the President? What sort of strains do they undergo? We are reduced largely to speculation, but not entirely so. Dr. Charles Schuster, a University of Chicago psychiatrist, last year told a drug symposium in Toronto that many Pentagon officials took a large number of amphetamines during the four days of the United States-Soviet confrontation in the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. Schuster said the unnamed officials took sufficient doses to develop full-blown psychoses, adding that a common symptom of amphetamine abuse is paranoia (delusions of persecution). Schuster later told Reuters News Service that U.S. Army medical authorities have since become "more critically aware of the hazards of stimulant drugs."

However, my point is not simply that we live in a world of our own making which rests on assumptions that are not humanly tolerable but that "responsible" public discussion is confined within the strait jacket of these assumptions. If you do not subscribe to the belief in dual morality which underpins all aspects of human life today, insofar as they are created by those in positions of power and control, then you are simply excluded from any participation in public discussion in any of the large circulation media. Discussion in all those channels is carefully monitored to insure that the axis always revolves round what is responsible—that is, based on the double standard. Everyone is aware that there are people who consistently apply a simple, absolute test of what is good and what is evil, but such absolutists, as they are called, are implicitly understood to be cranky, and as such not to be admitted to responsible discussion. A *Times* of London political columnist recently lamented that the trouble with the left wing of the Labour Party was that it was by no means clear just



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how big the defense cuts would have to be to satisfy them. The suspicion was that they had no stomach for defense as such, i.e., that they were totally irresponsible.

Similar impatience has been expressed by the self-styled moderates over the attitude of the militant rank and file of the Labour Party to the European Economic Community. For a decade and more all the public media in Great Britain wrote of the proposal to integrate Britain into a Western European political and economic union as though it were a matter both self-evident in its wisdom and already decided upon. Nor were they wrong about the latter: it had already been decided upon by the ruling groups, and Britain was accordingly enrolled with a hollow fanfare of celebratory ritual. However, in this matter they found that they had overplayed their hand: to their astonishment, the British people whom they had taught in an imperial context to sing with gusto, "Britons never, never shall be slaves," turned out to be actually not quite slaves after all. A referendum was conceded. With that concession has come the belated admission that the issue raised by the British entry in the EEC is much more significant politically than economically. But what is now the focus of public debate? The media have decided that the opposition can again be portrayed in terms first given mass treatment when they chose to highlight Benn's address to his Bristol constituents, which focused upon the issue of national sovereignty. So now the people are told that if they think the proposal might be open to question on political grounds, that is because it might be thought to jeopardize Britain's national sovereignty, viz., the sovereignty of Parliament. In short, only nationalists would oppose it on political grounds.

Then the pro-Marketeers reply that nationalism is the very thing that has caused all the previous wars in Europe, and that the Market is designed to put an end to the nationalist quarrel between France and Germany, among others. The whole European integration movement thus turns out to be one big pacifist venture by Europe's businessmen, well-known, presumably, for their vanguard role in trying to prevent previous wars. In this way the real issue posed by the Common Market is still as far as ever from being allowed to emerge into the forum of public opinion. That issue is the one at the heart of all politics, the issue of power. If I oppose European integration (of course, integration of only a part of West Europe is under discussion), it is because the motive behind it is the one that has caused all the wars in history, namely the will of the powerful to extend and increase their power. The rulers of Britain in the past won an empire; owing to a combination of circumstances, not least among which was the revolt of the colonized, the empire collapsed. So it was with the French and the Italians and the Belgians and the Dutch. The West Germans lost more than an empire; they lost half of the thousand-year Reich. So they all naturally looked round for fresh fish to fry. As Mr. Macmillan put it: "Before we did it alone; this time we shall do it again, but this time in partnership." I oppose this not because I am a British nationalist or an English or Welsh or Scottish nationalist concerned to defend my national sovereignty, but because I am opposed to the will to power in man, the root cause of tyranny and war and most human suffering. But I shall look in vain for an opportunity for me or anyone else to give clear expression to that view in any of the public media. Such a view would be automatically and quite voluntarily censored by the appropriate editors on the grounds that it lacked responsibility and was totally unrealistic.

Democracy or consensus politics is understood by governing groups to be a process which they control, in which they not only define the issues and determine the content of policy making but also define the limits of permissible, "responsible" dissent, before organizing voter participation to put the seal of popular approval on the permitted outcome. In this way the axis of permissible public discussion excludes altogether views that question the legitimacy of organized violence in the name of defense or security. You may say that in a war situation or in a situation so charged with murderous hatred as that which obtains in Northern Ireland, allowing freedom of expression to pacifist opinion would be a mere academic exercise. But that is the argument of all those engaged in this lethal and horrific conflict, and is the means whereby they perpetuate it in the interest of maintaining, if they cannot expand, their own power. The result is that an entirely one-sided view of the issue has a complete monopoly of all "responsible," viz., large circulation, organs of opinion. If you attempt to make even a tiny hole in the massive dike maintaining this monopoly, you will in my experience receive in return either a polite note informing you that your letter has been passed to the religious affairs department, or (in the case of Downing Street itself) a letter from some secretarial aide actually addressing you as the Reverend.

Not to strain the reader's patience unduly, I content myself with one further example: inflation. The nation is in a state of economic crisis—moreover, there has never been a moment in my entire lifetime when the nation has not been in a state of economic crisis. It is caused at the moment, we are told, by the fact that we pay ourselves too much in relation to what we produce—in short, greed all down the line. In this situation it might be thought that an example would be set by those at the top, since they claim to have the qualities of rulership, and also since they are in receipt of the largest incomes and would suffer least hardship by accepting a cut. What in fact happens is that the Palace takes an extra million pounds, then an extra 420,000; the Conservative Prime Minister took an extra 6,000 pounds and then bought a yacht for 55,000; the Wilson administration grants raises of up to 60 pounds a week to admirals, generals and judges. It is true that when Michael Foot suggested that a ceiling of 13,000 pounds a year should be declared for any public servant, the press reported it, but needless to say nothing more was heard of the proposal. If you yourself write to the press, informing them that your particular form of employment is scandalously overpaid, in that it gives you very much more than you actually need by any wholesome human standard, the editor is very unlikely to print it. I can recall two such letters over a number of years, one in *The Times* and one in *The Guardian*, both from university teachers. What the press will print *ad nauseam* is denunciation of workers who allegedly threaten the social contract. I do not myself object to this; my criticism is that the emphasis is wholly one-sided.

I leave to the reader's imagination the numberless examples of those further political choices always open to us,

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in which a rational man is baffled as to what he should do, since it is always the case that, of the two alternatives proffered, both, so to speak, are worse. In a peculiar *sotto voce* fashion everybody, including the politicians themselves, is aware of this, and will sometimes, if indirectly, even acknowledge it. For instance, whenever a Labour M.P. was rash enough in the House of Commons to indict the moral assumption underlying the nation's defense policy, Sir Alec Douglas-Home was quick to administer a sharp rebuke: which of us in this House is in any position to criticize his colleagues on that score?, he would ask rhetorically. The issue thus never requires to be discussed, since any breath of dissent can be silenced instantly with the single word, "cant." When Sir Keith Joseph recently delivered a broadside, productive of enormous publicity, lamenting the moral tone of our social and sexual mores, Enoch Powell was quick to remind him that it ill became a politician to deliver himself of moral homilies. Mr. Powell himself has been known to mount the pulpit, but is apparently sparing of homily. Ian Gilmour recently suggested in *The Times* that the politician should seek to locate himself roughly halfway between the pulpit and the counting house. That shrewdly sums up the traditional British attitude to morals and politics, the standard expected of one's neighbor, one's political representative and oneself. It combines a measure of respect for morality with a sufficient sense of worldly realism to be thought a good fellow, and to avoid the worst of ignominies, that of being thought a prig. Listen to Leah Manning, a retired Labour M.P., discussing the reasons for her "active dislike" of Sir Stafford Cripps. He was, she writes in her autobiography, *A Life for Education*, "sanctimonious." He was, she continues, "prepared to tell the expedient lie. Now one can forgive Harold Wilson, or Jim Callaghan, or George Brown—they are politicians and never set up a 'holier than thou' attitude." But when Cripps devalued the pound within days of publicly denying that he would do so, she felt that it was unforgivable behavior.

In other words, not very demanding moral standards are perfectly acceptable, being felt to be all that can reasonably be expected of us. Therefore, anyone who publicly refuses to condone this makes us feel uncomfortable, and we rejoice when he is brought low, since then he can be exposed as not only no better than he should be but guilty of cant in the bargain.

It is time to ask just what is the source of the perennial, universal taint that hangs over the sphere of the specifically political. Why is *reason of state* simply not susceptible of moral evaluation? Why are morals and politics ultimately irreconcilable, in whatever culture, time or place? Why can independent sovereign governments not live in conditions of mutual trust, stability, amicability with one another? Why must they always compete with one another in an ever recurring and unceasing arms race? Why can they not forgive those who violate their laws and bid them go their way and sin no more? They cannot do so, as we all well realize, because if they did, they would immediately cease to be a government. It is the business of a government to govern—that is to say, to impose its will on others and not to submit to them. If it fails in that task, it will be immediately ousted from its position by others willing and more than eager to take its place.

Once the legitimacy or inevitability of the competitive struggle for power is accepted, the necessity for violence is also decreed. The ugly fact, which people are so reluctant to admit, that all our institutions and our whole way of life rest ultimately on violence, is necessitated by acceptance of the will to power as biologically determined. The struggle for wealth leads directly to a struggle for power, which unavoidably engenders ugly, bitter and vindictive emotions. No contender for supreme power is going to abide by any set of rules agreed to in advance, unless he deems it to be in his interest to do so. If he perceives that he can have his way by resorting to violence or the threat of violence, and that if he refrains from doing so he will have to submit his will to that of his rival, he will resort to violence. If his moral scruples do not permit him to do this, then he rules himself out as a serious contender for power.

The pacifists and war resisters of earlier generations used to devote a large part of their dialectical energies to fending off the ancient argument which ran, "What then would *you* do if a German, Frenchman, Russian, American, Japanese (according to the particular scapegoat or feared adversary of the time) were on the point of raping your sister or bayoneting your newborn babe?" That hypothetical crisis is something of a red herring, but it needs to be answered. The correct answer, if sincerely made, is to refuse to become a member of any armed force where one might become liable to the commission of such a dreadful crime and, if directly confronted by an assailant, to seek to interpose one's own body between him and that of his intended victim. But the reason why in argument on this point everyone suddenly becomes passionately committed to his duty to rescue by violence his threatened dependents—having previously maintained a remarkable calm in the knowledge that millions and tens of millions have been massacred by the world's competing military organizations—is that he who questions the legitimacy of the resort to violence implicitly (sometimes without himself realizing it) challenges our entire existing way of life. Everyone intuitively understands this and since most of us apparently wish to advance our careers and to contend for at least some of the more modest prizes, when challenged we cling ever more tenaciously to our duty to use violence to protect the babe from the point of the bayonet—and this in the nuclear age when bayonets are largely confined to museums.

The great watchword of the French Revolution, the leit motif of the post-1789 culture of the Western world and those countries formerly dependent on them, was and is Equality. In the name of equality, ruling classes have been dispossessed, empires overthrown, monarchies and aristocracies reduced to dust; women have been enfranchised and partially emancipated; oppressed or disregarded minorities have been admitted to the political arena; workingmen have demanded and obtained status, material rewards and political power inconceivable to their grandfathers. Equality is everywhere virtually unchallenged in principle, everywhere sets the pace of development and continues to make gains on front after front. Yet the wars have continued on an ever more destructive scale, and the arms race, devouring even the untold wealth made possible by modern technology, so far from slackening, continues apace. Apart from this gnawing anxiety, usually deeply repressed, the other consuming frustration of our time is the

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individual's sense of impotence in controlling the conditions of his own life. In spite of his democratic rights, he finds his path blocked at every turn by a variety of powers that are remote from and largely inaccessible to him, giant corporations, ever receding local government, increasing centralization, the growth of bureaucracy and the expansion of the sphere of the expert in every branch of government—in a word, his path is blocked by the large-scale and the hierarchical structure of the decision-making process, more attuned to the returns of data-processing computers than to the wants, frustrations and anxieties of ordinary people.

How are we to explain this paradox? I submit that the explanation is to be found in the naïveté, however natural, of those who supposed that, just as inequality had been imposed by the ruling groups, so now, in the light of the new demands, equality must be imposed by the ruling groups. But such an equation overlooks the fact that, whereas it is of the essence of inequality that it be imposed, it is of the essence of equality that it cannot be imposed. Impose it, and immediately it ceases to be equality. However many reforms you legislate, equality remains a mirage on the horizon, for it can be created only by free inner moral and spiritual growth, sharpening the consciences of the strong and strengthening the confidence and identity of the weak. Inequality and war can certainly be imposed, legislated, enforced—that is of their nature. But equality and peace can never be brought about in that way. What the institutions of an egalitarian and peace-loving society will look like, we do not yet know. They will emerge slowly as people cease to believe in the necessity of violence and consequently begin to change their own character and values, and correspondingly the nature of their relations with other people.

Three standard objections are generally raised to this argument: (*1*) We have to be governed. (*2*) People are ineradicably unequal. (*3*) Cooperation might work if all men were good, but they are not. To which, briefly, I make answer: (*1*) I neither need nor wish to be governed; on the contrary, I deeply resent it. I am adult and like all other adults am under the sovereign governance of my conscience, through which I am responsible to God. (*2*) I believe that the inequalities among men are largely the fruit of human injustice, but where they are not, why should he who is so fortunate as to be blessed with exceptional native talent be given additional economic or social rewards? Is it not enough that he enjoys a natural privilege? (*3*) The third objection is insincere, an alibi for resisting change, implying falsely that I will change but only if everyone else does. If something is right then I should myself begin here and now to try to do it, irrespective of what others may or may not do, particularly since others will be influenced by my example.

The commonly felt objection to this is that anything the lone individual can achieve in the face of forces so massive is futile; that we have heard it all before, that we are all against sin, that preaching does no good, that the world is as it is, however regrettable that may be, and that it cannot be changed appreciably for the better. This I find totally unacceptable, since it would reduce life to a futility. Moreover, it simply does not correspond to the facts of the matter. It is a question of changing the climate of opinion in which we live as to the nature and legitimacy of power.

Each individual, whoever and wherever he is, is at the center of a large, complex, interwoven skein of human relations at home, at work, at leisure. He is relating to others for the largest part of his working day, and derives a very large part of his identity from the pattern of relations thus set up. Each relationship is a two-way process, and therefore never wholly within anyone's control; but equally no one can escape contributing his half to the equation. A timid, diffident, submissive attitude positively invites and generally evokes a correspondingly confident, buoyant, dominant or even aggressive response, and vice versa. When the experience is repeated hundreds of times, it gradually becomes a habitual character trait, and any direct attempt deliberately to bring it to consciousness with a view to critical modification would inevitably arouse the deepest possible resistance, expressed in the form of total incomprehension, withdrawal, irritation or indignation, or of course anger.

Basically, I am trying to communicate my profound conviction that the time has come for a radically new assessment of what constitutes realism. Everybody knows the vital role that is played in man's nature by his religious and moral sense, by the need to understand the meaning of his life on earth, by his urge to aspire to a life that is not only significant and purposeful but is also objectively good and true. But everywhere also we confront cynicism and the widely expressed belief that reality does seem to amount to a conviction that the real world, that is to say, the world where decisions are taken and which appears to determine what really happens, is the world of Power, obtained by the struggle for wealth, prestige, hierarchical authority in an important organization approved by those who convey power and influence. In Samuel Richardson's *Clarissa* a letter from Miss Howe to Clarissa put it thus:

> Is true happiness any part of your family view? So far from it that none of your family but yourself could be happy were they *not* rich. So let them fret on, grumble and grudge, and accumulate, and wondering what ails them that they have not happiness when they have riches, think the cause is want of more, and so go on heaping up till Death, as greedy an accumulator as themselves, gathers them into his garner.

To acquiesce in and yield to the world that results from this kind of realism is the height of folly; it is truly unrealistic or, if you like, crackpot realism. I am only too well aware that the lesson that we must live with the bomb has been learned. People are now living with it; they are not seriously troubled by it. If they occasionally feel a twinge of uneasiness, they silence their fears by placing their hopes in hot lines, so-called mutual deterrence, strategic arms limitations talks and other futilities. It is a measure of the magnitude of the disaster that has overtaken mankind that we have come to accept as inevitable a condition of affairs that is horrifying, monstrous, fraught with continuous peril and absolutely intolerable to any truly sensitive, humane man or woman. But because I believe that men have learned this iniquitous and soul-destroying lesson, I no longer believe that they can be aroused from their torpor by direct rational protest or assault on their feelings alone.

The deterrent will not work even in the sense in which men have been lulled to hope it will. Peace, which is the fruit of trust and love, cannot be gained by terror, which is the failure of trust and love. But I see little prospect of

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weaning people from their fears. They seem determined to believe what they want to believe and to rest in Louis XV's comfort that it will at any rate work for their time—after them the deluge.

What can and must be shown to people is that a way of life based on such terrible destructive power and the willingness to use it, is riddled with falsehood from top to bottom, the price of which in terms of avoidable human suffering is exacted day by day and hour by hour. Violence after all is simply a method of behavior which necessarily arises when falsehood is acquiesced in as a principle of life, just as the question of violence can never so much as arise among people who are accustomed always to dealing truthfully with themselves and with one another. The falsehood in this case is the belief that power of man over man is a legitimate way to conduct human affairs and is now universally necessary. It is precisely this belief that causes such terrible daily renewed suffering in every facet of our lives. At one end of the scale are the broken marriages and broken homes and broken children, autistic, schizophrenic, delinquent, victims of deprivation and even cruelty (which is generally quite unconscious, since virtually all parents do their best by their lights and feel entirely unfree to be or act otherwise). At the other end of the scale are the people who pursue the megalomaniac and mega-death policies of "defense" and foreign affairs, and who, although never managing to remain at the top of the greasy pole for very long, while they are there are so powerful and their subjects so gullible that they are able to determine the definition of reality itself.

I began this paper by looking at the double standard that some people would have us believe is mandatory upon human beings. There are, they tell us, two levels of reality, the public and the private, and thus there are two sets of moral standards corresponding to these two separate dimensions. If they appear to conflict, that is unfortunate; but then life is a simple business; why should we suppose that truth is a simple business, still less that there is only one truth? And so we begin to find ourselves more and more deeply enmeshed in the devious convolutions of falsehood. For the truth is that the truth *is* very simple and moreover everybody knows what it is. It is love, affection, trust, selflessness, the putting of the other before oneself, giving and not counting the cost and taking the minimum, suffering pain, anguish and even death rather than becoming complicit in an evil will—these things are good, undoubtedly good at all times and under all circumstances, and their contraries are not good; they are in varying degree evil. The alleged complications, the complexities, the dualisms, the pluralities, the contradictions arise because our knowledge of good conflicts with our appetites and our fears. To do what our conscience tells us is right seems to us incompatible with what we very much want, or it seems to threaten our safety beyond our capacity for courage. And so we then begin to devise philosophies of utility and expedience to justify doing what is most comfortable to us. It seems to men that they know best what is good for them, and so they devise elaborate institutions and safeguards to insure their enrichment and to protect their riches from assault by others who are sure to hunger for them and envy them in their turn. And once the spiral has started there seems to be no end to it and there is no stopping its remorseless and ever more terrifying evolution.

I conclude, then, with the following short parable which I translated from Tolstoy's *Alphabet Book* for children:

> Once a peasant went to a kitchen garden to steal cucumbers. Creeping up to the cucumbers, he thought: "Now if I carry off a sack of cucumbers, I shall sell them: with the money I shall buy a pullet. The fowl will lay me eggs and hatch them and produce many chicks. I will rear the chicks, sell them and buy a pig in farrow; she will produce piglets for me. I will sell the suckling pigs and buy a young mare; the mare will foal for me. I will feed up the foals and sell them; I will buy a house and lay down a kitchen garden. I will manage the garden, sow cucumbers and keep a sharp look-out lest anyone steal them. I will hire a watchman, and set him by the cucumbers and will myself go up to the watchman and shout out "Hi you, keep a stricter watch." The peasant was so engrossed in his thoughts that he quite forgot that he was in somebody else's kitchen garden and called out at the top of his voice. The watchman heard him, jumped out and beat the peasant unmercifully.

It is past time that we stopped guarding the cucumbers. □

FIFTY PER CENT MORE EFFICIENT

A REALLY GOOD GENERATOR

MARY CLAY BERRY

Washington

At a time when energy is on everyone's mind, relatively little thought and money are being devoted in the United States to a promising electrical generating process with a tongue twister of a name—magnetohydrodynamics, mercifully MHD for short. It promises to be a comparatively pollution-free source of electrical energy that is dramatically more efficient than either the conventional steam turbine generator or the nuclear reactor, provided the technology can ever be advanced beyond what one MHD advocate, Dr. John B. Dicks of the University of Tennessee Space Institute, has called "the baling wire stage." In the past, a general lack of interest in so-called exotic sources of energy meant that little federal money was appropriated for basic research, except in defense-related projects. Today, when even such potential energy sources as windmills are getting attention, MHD proponents claim that bureaucratic indifference is still stifling their research.

In the Soviet Union it is a different story. In March, Russian scientists announced that, using an MHD genera-

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tor, they had produced enough electricity to supply 100,000 Moscow households for half an hour. It was a development "that should make some heads turn back home," according to Dr. William Jackson, acting director of the MHD program in the Energy Research and Development Agency (ERDA), who was then visiting the USSR.

MHD is relatively simple in principle; it has been described as "a rocket firing into a magnet." Extremely hot (around 5,000 degrees C.), partially ionized gases flow through a duct lined with electrodes and surrounded by coils that produce a magnetic field. The passage of the expanding gas through this magnetic field generates an electric current, just as does the rotating metal armature in a conventional generator. One of the beauties of an MHD generator is its simplicity—just a duct or chamber and no moving parts.

MHD is not new; even Michael Faraday understood the theory. During the first half of the 1960s, considerable research was done on the process in this country, principally because of its relationship to rocket technology. Foremost in this work was the AVCO Everett Research Laboratory in Everett, Mass., whose Mark V generator, now dismantled, produced 32 megawatts of electricity in erratic bursts in 1965. (The Soviets' 25-megawatt generator, heralded in a December 1971 issue of *Pravda* as "the power station of the future," is a direct descendent of the Mark V.) But despite the United States' early prominence in MHD research, the Federal Energy Administration's 1974 report on Project Independence nowhere mentions it. And the federal government proposes to spend only about $13 million on MHD research in fiscal 1976, a drop in the bucket compared to what will be spent on nuclear research and development.

Various hot gases, their conductivity improved by the addition of "seed" material, can be used in an MHD generator. The Russian generator, called U-25, is fueled by natural gas. However, other fossil fuels can be burned at high temperatures to produce gas and, since the greatest energy reserves of the United States are coal, that is another reason why MHD should be attractive.

And an MHD generator would use coal far more efficiently than do existing steam generators. Today's best power plants turn about 40 per cent of the fuel's energy into electricity. Nuclear reactors have an even poorer rating, less than 33 per cent. But experts believe that a successful MHD generator could turn as much as 60 per cent of coal's energy into electricity.

The trick is to build a reliable MHD generator; the few in existence do not have very good performance records. The U-25, the only one actually in use, is the direct outgrowth of an informal scientific exchange between this country and the Soviet Union. In 1964, AVCO had a contract to do classified MHD research for the Defense Department. That same year, scientists organizing a Pugwash conference asked Soviet scientist V.A. Krillin to participate. Krillin indicated that he would come provided he could see the MHD work going on in this country. Accordingly, the AVCO-DOD project was declassified and Krillin and other Russian scientists took a look at it. The U-25's parent, AVCO's Mark V generator, was able to produce 32 megawatts of electricity, but only for a few seconds at a time. But scientists have great hopes for its successor, the Mark VI, and for a direct coal-fired generator at the University of Tennessee Space Institute in Tullahoma.

While there are no moving parts to wear out in an MHD generator, the duct through which the hot gas flows is subjected to extreme heat, highly corrosive chemicals and erosion by the rapidly moving gas. No substance yet discovered will stand the punishment for more than a very brief time. And the tremendous heat is essential because it turns the gas into what physicists call plasma, a highly conductive state of matter in which the electrons have been stripped from many of the atoms. Scientists do not feel that the technical difficulty is insurmountable. They have experimented with a variety of coatings for the duct walls, and some think that coal slag, the residue of coal combustion, may be the best protective covering, thus providing a cheap solution to the problem, while also making use of a waste product. At the University of Tennessee, researchers are feeding pulverized coal ash into their generator, thus continuously replenishing the protective coating of the generating chamber.

There appear to be a number of environmental advantages to MHD, although it does involve the extraction of coal. Like a conventional generator, an MHD generator that burns coal will emit both sulfur oxides and nitrogen oxides, as well as particulate matter. However, proponents believe that these emissions may be easier to control in an MHD generator than in a conventional one. Work done by the U.S. Bureau of Mines indicates that sulfur oxide emissions will combine with the seed material in the gas to form compounds that can be removed as the seed material is recycled. As a result, Stuart Way, a consultant at the Westinghouse Research Laboratories, told a Senate Appropriations subcommittee that the stack gases of an MHD generator will have twenty times less sulfur oxide content than the allowable Environmental Protection Agency standard. Also, because of the greater temperatures at which an MHD generator must operate, there is reason to believe that the nitrogen oxide concentration can be reduced to an acceptable level. Way indicated that these emissions could be reduced to one-ninth of the EPA standard. Particulate emissions, he said, could be about one-sixth of EPA standards.

Unlike coal gasification (a process for changing coal into a clean synthetic gas which can be substituted for or combined with natural gas), or the production of oil from shale, MHD does not require enormous quantities of water, a scarce commodity on the western plains where this country's largest coal supplies are located. And, unlike nuclear reactors, an MHD generator presents no problems of thermal pollution, even though it operates at incredibly high temperatures. That is so because the higher the operating temperature, the more efficient the reaction and the less heat ejected into the atmosphere. And there are no dangerous wastes.

In short, the generation of electricity by MHD seems to be simple, efficient and relatively nonpolluting. The problem is that the technology is far from perfected and only limited work is being done to improve it.

To understand why more federal money has not been committed to MHD research, one must first study the pattern of federal energy research and development spending over the past decade. Until this year, there was no central

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place in the federal government where energy research priorities were determined. Instead, each agency doing energy research (principally the old Atomic Energy Commission and the Department of the Interior, although many other agencies had small energy-related projects) requested money independently. It was up to Congress and the Bureau of the Budget, which midway through this period became the Office of Management and Budget, to establish priorities and, with energy, this was done in a singularly haphazard fashion. There was, as Rep. Mike McCormack (D., Wash.), chairman of the House Subcommittee on Energy Research, Development and Demonstration, remarked recently, "almost no energy policy at all."

Most of the energy R&D money went to the AEC, the cumbersome, disorganized Department of the Interior being no match for the streamlined, well-organized AEC when it came to getting funds. Nor did it have a powerful friend on Capitol Hill such as the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. The liquidation of the AEC last year and the establishment of two new energy agencies, one of them devoted to research and development, have changed this situation, but in the 1960s the AEC-JCAE-industry triumvirate set its own priorities, and first among them was the Liquid Metal-Cooled Fast Breeder Reactor (LMFBR). It was a case of putting all our energy R&D eggs in one basket—and without ever having made a formal decision to do so. The United States had decided that the most fertile field for energy research and development was the breeder solely because the AEC had sufficient political muscle to get the necessary appropriations.

Even within the Interior Department, where most of the rest of the nation's significant energy research was then going on, MHD was the ugly stepchild. Before 1970, the only government-funded MHD research had been done by the military. In fiscal 1970, MHD research within the Interior Department by both the Office of Coal Research (OCR) and the Bureau of Mines received $400,000. The following year, that figure rose to $600,000. By the time of President Nixon's 1971 energy message, the fiscal 1972 budget request for MHD research was $1 million. Nine small contracts had been let through the Office of Coal Research and some limited work was being done by the Bureau of Mines.

MHD did get a mention in the energy message, but most of the Interior Department money for energy research was going to the OCR for coal gasification. The fiscal 1972 budget request for coal gasification work, made before the energy message, was $10.8 million (as compared with $50 million for the breeder). It doubled after the message (as did the request for the breeder).

The Interior Department's energy priorities then were largely determined by the interests of its principal "client," the petroleum and coal industries which, due to a series of corporate mergers in the late 1960s, had become the energy industry. The coal people were primarily interested in coal gasification but, in those distant days of cheap petroleum, this interest was more academic than real.

One of the moving forces behind the 1971 energy message was David Freeman, then head of a small energy staff within the now-defunct Office of Science and Technology. In 1969, the energy staff had commissioned a study which concluded that MHD could effect a savings of $11 billion in fuel costs over a fifteen-year period by comparison with conventional methods of power generation. The panel then recommended spending $4 million a year for three years on MHD research, at the end of which time the committee felt the federal government would be in a position to decide whether further MHD work was worthwhile. (This was, in the eyes of Dr. Arthur R. Kantrowitz, then chairman of the AVCO Everett Research Laboratory, "a colossal *non sequitur.*" The report got Freeman interested in MHD and that led to its inclusion on the "shopping list" of energy research projects that constituted most of the first energy message. However, the message boosted spending for both the breeder and coal gasification but did nothing for MHD.

Then came the Arab boycott, and the government was forced to alter its traditional helter-skelter way of looking at energy problems. Eventually, federal agencies were reshuffled, the AEC was disbanded, and two new agencies, the Federal Energy Administration and ERDA, emerged. Many developing technologies, such as solar energy, got a shot in the arm from the energy crisis.

Not so MHD. At the time of the first energy message, the OCR was asking for an unprecedented $1 million for MHD research. The following year, OCR asked for and got $3.5 million for MHD. But in 1973 the budget request for fiscal 1974 dropped to $3 million. Congress raised that by nearly $4.5 million, indicating its determination that the federal government should put more money into MHD research and earmarking $2 million specifically for the direct coal-fired generator at the University of Tennessee. But in 1974 the budget for fiscal 1975 included only $500,000 more than the previous year for MHD. Congress again raised this—to about $13 million. This year, ERDA, which has absorbed the old Office of Coal Research, is seeking $13.9 million for MHD research, an increase over past budget requests to be sure, but scarcely more than Congress authorized for the previous fiscal year. In an attempt to focus more attention on MHD, Sens. Mike Mansfield and Lee Metcalf, both from Montana where there is a great deal of coal, recently introduced legislation establishing a Division of MHD Electric Power Generation within ERDA.

By contrast, R&D spending in other energy technologies is booming. Funding for solar energy development almost doubled this year, from $38.4 million in fiscal 1975 to a request for $70.3 million for fiscal 1976. This appropriation includes money for studies such as wind energy conversion (windmills), bioconversion (changing urban and agricultural wastes into clean fuels), and ocean thermal conversion (converting heat absorbed by surface water into energy).

The budget for fiscal 1976 calls for more than $391 million for fossil fuel R&D (gasification, liquefaction and oil shale processing primarily—not MHD). And this is small compared with the $1 billion requested for nuclear R&D. In fact, more than half the total energy research and development budget is still devoted to nuclear work, both fusion and the development of fission reactors. Only geothermal steam R&D will be getting less money in fiscal 1976 than it got the previous year, if the Administration's budget is adopted by the Congress, but this technology seems to be well on its way now. By the end of the year, one geothermal field in northern California will supply all of San Francisco's power.

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In 1973, a panel of scientists and MHD enthusiasts, including Kantrowitz and Dicks, pleaded with Congressional appropriations committees to embark upon a ten-year development program involving about half a billion dollars. The object was to have a 500-megawatt MHD-steam demonstration generating plant in operation by 1985. Congress more than doubled the funding for fiscal 1974 to $7.5 million, which did not fall too far short of the scientists' schedule. They were seeking gradually rising appropriations for MHD research, starting off with $8 million. The OCR bestirred itself enough to institute a "National MHD Power Generation Development Program." But the following year, much of the $7.5 million was unspent and OCR had failed to consult the most prominent MHD proponents as part of its evaluation program.

As a result of language attached to last year's Energy Research and Development Appropriations bill at the insistence of Senators Mansfield and Metcalf, ERDA is committed to the construction of a demonstration MHD generator some time in the 1980s. The first step will be an engineering test facility in Montana, which ERDA hopes will be operational by 1979 or 1980. Next will come a pilot plant (the Soviet U-25 facility is a pilot plant) after which, provided all signs are favorable, a demonstration plant, probably a 500-megawatt generator, will be constructed to test the commercial merit of the process.

At present, the federal government has a number of research contracts—with the University of Tennessee to study the problems of a direct coal-fired system; with AVCO for work with both the Mark VI generator and an alternate MHD design that is quite different in concept; with the Arnold Engineering Development Center at the Arnold Air Force Base in Tennessee to study energy extraction from gas; with Westinghouse for work on materials that will be used in building a generator as well as some downstream equipment, and with various institutes and universities in Montana for preliminary work on the test facility that will be located there.

The United States is also involved in a continuing exchange of information with the Soviet Union, the result of a 1972 agreement to cooperate on scientific research. "This field is one of the cooperative programs between the two countries in science and technology where we stand to gain at least as much as, and probably more than, we give," remarked Dr. Jackson recently in Moscow. The United States is testing a generator in the U-25 plant, according to ERDA officials, and American scientists are also interested in the super conducting magnet at another nearby Russian facility.

But the Montana Senators are determined that the federal government shall spend more on MHD than is now planned. The goal of their new MHD Research, Development and Demonstration bill is the same as ERDA's, the operation of a commercial scale demonstration MHD plant by the mid-1980s, but the bill would authorize the expenditure of $450 million over the next five years, considerably more than ERDA is planning to put into the MHD program.

At this point, the future of MHD is unclear. One problem is that MHD has no evident constituency beyond the few scientists who are working on it. Since MHD involves the extraction of coal, either by strip or deep mining, it has not had the kind of support from conservationists that self-contained solar heating units enjoy. On the other hand, the coal industry can sell more coal for conventional power generators or for gasification, which also has the support of the natural gas industry, than for MHD power generators. Perhaps the stimulus of the U-25's recent performance will give a boost to the current MHD program. Right now, this potential source of abundant, relatively clean energy lies just beyond our grasp; in all likelihood it will remain there unless the federal government shows more interest in it than it has in the past. □

CASING THE DEMOCRATS NO. 7

Jimmy Carter's Fierce Campaign

JOHN DENNIS

Atlanta

That James Earl Carter, Jr. is running for President is no longer news but as recently as a few weeks ago the press and Carter himself were still behaving as if it were. Now he has been elevated from "unknown" to "long shot," but the morning line still runs roughly like this: Jimmy Carter is inexperienced, having served but a single term as Governor before striking out for loftier heights; he is obscure because of that short period of service and the additional annoying fact that it took place in Georgia, a location considered absurdly remote by many political watchers; and Carter is underfinanced. Not only does he not have a million dollars, like Bentsen, Jackson, or his neighbor in the next state, George Wallace, but Carter even *sent back* contributions larger than $1,000 that came in before December 31, the financing deadline. On the plus side, Carter seems sincere, attractive, confident and very diligent.

Conclusion: Carter is puzzling and annoying; he doesn't fit any of the stereotypes. If he would just flame out, and soon, the analysts' hesitancy over his candidacy would be justified and we could get on to the more familiar chore of eeny-meenying through the Democrats' current crop of soft apples.

Meanwhile, Carter, the peanut farmer transmogrified, the commander once of submarines and state government; Carter, an earnest engine in quest of the national "fast track," continues to whiz and whistle through the countryside. His pace is murderous: he has visited fifty-seven cities in six spring weeks, some of them several times. His 1975 schedule calls for 250 days of campaigning. That's fifty

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five-day weeks, and so far he is adhering rigidly to the timetable. Carter has it all planned: New Hampshire will get at least seven days, Florida, the "must" primary, will get thirty days and Illinois eleven. Carter's wife, Rosalynn, will hoof it for an additional 100 days.

Campaign pace has broken more than one man, and Carter is definitely the most relentless hopeful. However, he looks able to take it. Capitalizing on his energy, he says that the worthy candidate will demonstrate his suitability for office by stamina. Not quite 51, medium-sized and very trim, his crinkly fair Scotch-Irish skin has turned red from many a season laboring in the south Georgia sun. That is a refined way of saying that Carter is a bona fide Georgia redneck; he's not ashamed of it. Age has loosened his face somewhat, but there is still a resemblance to John Kennedy, a legacy discovered and moderately exploited in Carter's first gubernatorial campaign in 1966. Actually, he looks as Kennedy might have looked had he worked for a living.

Carter takes on people by the roomful, recalling names for faces he may have only glanced at years before. He shakes hands, speaking all the time in a soft, unassuming voice, his pale blue eyes right there with you. Carter's eyes have bothered more than one observer. "Watch the eyes: they never smile," a conservative Georgia columnist once wrote. When asked about his ocular ambiguity, Carter chuckled shrewdly: "When you see the warmth, I hope you will find it in your heart to vote for me." So he has humor: not an extravagant Southern buffoonery, but a controlled incisive wit, reflecting a man who is ultimately very private. In meetings he often crosses arms and legs, setting calm but definite limits to his presence. He is not tense, however. Walking, Carter's head and feet move inquisitively forward, the rest of his body following, bowed slightly. The effect is that of graceful readiness, gentle on the outside, yet imperturbably centered. Carter may once have been timid, but that is all behind him.

With the exception of Eisenhower and Truman (Carter has occasionally likened himself to the latter), the White House has destroyed all its occupants for forty years. Yet Carter wants it. He says he got the idea to run during his Governor's term. While rocking on the back porch of the Governor's mansion, pondering political frogbottoms with other current hopefuls, Carter discovered that they didn't know any more than he did, sometimes less. So he thought, why not? Hunting instincts once aroused, he began to plan and told his family in 1972 that he would be a candidate in 1976. Since then, the aura of an emerging statesmanship has grown ever brighter around him.

Now he says frankly that he thinks "the country is ready for someone like me." Someone like me meaning "a farmer, an engineer, a businessman, a planner, a scientist, a Governor and a Christian," as declared in his announcement speech last December. Someone like Carter also meaning a man who is personally honest, very hard-working, unblemished politically, and with a decided taste for executive decision making. Someone like Carter who raised three sons, and now has an 8-year-old daughter in a rural integrated school, and whose mother did a tour with the Peace Corps.

Carter is also making statements like "I'm not a spectacular person, but I would certainly put my charisma up against Scoop Jackson's." He is on safe ground there; but when he says he wants to "personify the hopes and dreams of the American people," is he talking about a true amalgam of the public will, or a job of selling himself? To some extent he means both.

Jimmy Carter's personal story would be the envy of any political Alger. Certainly his deep roots in a single small town—farming, raising a family and prospering there—is a different experience from the geographical consumerism that has expanded and probably warped the consciousness of our restless urban population. He was born in 1924, son of a farmer in Plains, Ga. (population around 700), about 20 miles west of Americus and smack in the middle of Georgia's black belt. The first member of his family to finish high school, he attended Georgia Southwestern and Georgia Tech for a couple of years, then went to Annapolis, finishing fifty-ninth out of 820 in the class of 1946. He saw duty on destroyers and conventional submarines (some of it in Korean waters) until 1951, when Adm. Hyman Rickover tapped him for the nuclear submarine program. He then did graduate work in nuclear physics at Union College in Schenectady, and was serving as pre-commission commander of the atomic sub *Sea Wolf* when his father died in 1953. Sen. Richard Russell helped Carter disengage from the service, so that he could come home to a dirt farm that he literally worked himself. The family lived barely, and Carter banked $200 the first year.

Over the next decade Carter put together a profitable seed peanut farm and fertilizer business. He now owns around 2,500 acres in Sumter and Webster Counties. His worth, annually disclosed for the last five years, is currently estimated at three-quarters of a million, half of that due to inflation since 1970.

Time passed slowly in Plains. Carter served on the school board; refused to join the White Citizens' Council when it was making its stand against encroaching integration; served as a deacon in the Baptist Church, there too voting with his family against segregation. In time he became interested in politics and ran for the state legislature. Carter's political career almost ended right there, for the district was in the hands of a boss named Hurst who was not above juggling returns. A Quitman County Hurst henchman stuffed the box, but got drunk that night and forgot to remove pro-Carter ballots. Smelling a rat, Carter had the box impounded the next day. After weeks of delay, the box was opened, revealing 111 extra ballots against Carter.

As a state legislator Carter was progressive on education, but careful about spending money. Considered an excellent legislator, he first came to statewide attention in the 1966 governor's race, an important transitional election for Georgia.

Georgia has had its share of forgettable chief executives: the segregationist Talmadges, Eugene and Herman (the latter, Georgia's current senior Senator, was at least a sound administrator); Marvin Griffin, a Talmadge and county unit-system lowlife who served in the middle 1950s; Earnest Vandiver, notable mainly for not closing the schools when blacks first entered the University of Georgia at the beginning of the 1960s. Even relatively polished Carl Sanders (1962-66) did not exactly set the Statehouse on fire.

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There had always been a few Republicans in Georgia, but Barry Goldwater's carrying of the state in 1964 marked the first stirrings of a party. Howard "Bo" Callaway, a textile heir, rode to Congress on the Goldwater victory and thus became a serious contender for governor. Conversely, the Democrats faced their first real muddle: Talmadge talked of resigning his Senate seat to come home and run. Soberer minds prevailed and the regulars picked Vandiver. He upset these plans right away by having a heart attack while on his way to announce his candidacy. That brought out a nondescript group of conservatives—James Gray, the state Democratic Party chairman; Garland Byrd, another party regular who had also had a heart attack; and the notorious Lester Maddox, a God-fearing segregationist. At the opposite pole stood Ellis Arnall, a former Governor from the mid-1940s. Arnall was the great liberal hope, fresh out of twenty years of moss gathered while practicing law in Atlanta. Carter entered the race very late. His role was to walk about, coat hooked over one shoulder, making vaguely liberal noises. Generally staying away from issues, but looking as though he wanted to do something for his country, Carter came on very strong in the final weeks of the campaign.

Moderate-to-liberal sentiment ran fairly high in Georgia at the time. Arnall finished first in the primary; Maddox squeezed into the runoff ahead of Carter who finished a surprising third. However, Gray and Byrd also divided a significant number of conservative votes. Altruism would have had Carter endorse Arnall in the runoff against the mindless Maddox, but the politically astute Carter chose not to do this, reasoning that, with the Gray-Byrd votes falling to Maddox, Arnall stood no chance. Maddox did thump Arnall in the runoff and faced Callaway in the general. Despite some 60,000 write-in votes for Arnall, Callaway finished a fraction ahead of Maddox, but the margin was not large enough to keep the decision out of the overwhelmingly Democratic legislature, which gave Maddox the nod. Lester Maddox then embarked on a four-year tour that was instructive mainly in showing that Georgia perhaps did not need a governor at all.

Carter diligently campaigned the club circuit throughout Maddox's term, but the news from his pollster, William Hamilton, was discouraging. His opponent in the 1970 primary was Carl Sanders, the former Governor now three years out of office. The fall 1969 poll found that a phenomenal 84 per cent of the voters remembered Sanders favorably; 53 per cent would vote for him, compared to an anemic 21 per cent for Carter.

The lessons of the 1966 election were not lost on Carter. The polls showed that a good portion of the electorate was concerned about high taxes, too-fast integration, welfare reform and other plain-Joe issues. The polls also noted that both Sanders and Carter, but particularly Sanders, were seen as slightly more liberal than the voters: there Carter found his wedge.

Despite the media fantasies about good ole boys, whiskey and hound dogs, the Georgia electorate is a comprehensible body politic that can be sliced into three general categories. Blacks comprise 20 to 25 per cent: this bloc is virtually congruent with the liberal vote. Another third is suburban white, the moderates of north Atlanta and other large cities. They are relatively affluent, anti-Talmadge, anti-Maddox. With them anyone reasonably decorous stands a chance, and Sanders would be O.K. The former Governor did choose to appeal to blacks and to these more or less Eisenhower GOP types, calculating that 25 plus 33 is 58 per cent (actually Sanders projected 54 per cent). Carter decided to woo the remaining group, the rural Populists. While not openly segregationalist, his campaign was definitely against big money, big-city flashiness and friendly to George Wallace. As one Atlanta reporter put it:

> The grim-faced factory workers who brushed past Carter in the grey dawns of Spring 1970 found that by the following September Carter stood for everything they did, hated everything they did, lived and looked like they did. At least that's the way he seemed on television. And they elected him governor.

Sanders' campaign made sense statistically; moreover, he had vastly larger funds. But he flashed too many cuff links, bopped around too often in his airplane, and he had not reckoned on two things: rural and working-class white voting registration had gone up dramatically after the Goldwater campaign, and Jimmy Carter, the old submariner, is a fierce campaigner. Abandoning bandstand stumping, he and his wife, working separately, went directly to the people. At factories, mills, street corners, wherever they could find them, they shook an estimated 600,000 hands.

Carter emphasized his relationship with working-class whites. The state needed leadership it could trust. He tied Sanders to Humphrey, Johnson and the Atlanta big shots: Carter also made it plain that Sanders was the blacks' candidate. Sanders obligingly aided in his own downfall: he was caught addressing the Atlanta Capital City Club, bastion of the very big shots Carter was shrilling about. He also managed to get his picture taken with a couple of towering black Atlanta Hawks pouring champagne over his head. He talked in a friendly way about George Wallace, and Maddox, now running for lieutenant governor, was also all right in his book. Carter's and Maddox's general vote were closely parallel—two potent coattails riding each other.

As Sanders expected, he got the black vote, 95 per cent of it; and he got the moderate whites, but he could not offset a massive turnout by Carter's little people. Then the Republicans chose an ex-TV newsman, Hal Suit, who in appearance resembled an Episcopalian who has failed in business. One of those aimless genteel sorts the Republicans have put up time and again in the South, Suit approached questions with ineffectual preambles like "I have heard that. . . ." Carter, on the other hand, was a veritable hogwallow of transitive verbs: "I favor; I'm opposed; I have made one specific promise."

The result was a near landslide for Carter and Maddox, who raised their arms together in victorious glee election night. Exit Jimmy Carter, man of the people; enter Carter, the manager, planner, statesman ready to get the corporation of Georgia underway. In his famous inaugural speech that catapulted his face onto the cover of *Time*, Carter uttered the immortal Southern discovery: "The time for racial discrimination is over." The sound of Lester Maddox's jaw dropping still echoes in the Statehouse.

For his administration, rather than rely on the traditional voter pacifiers of bricks and mortar, Carter

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chose a humanitarian path. He took positive stands on ecology, creating the Heritage Trust Commission for the preservation of selected lands and sites; stepped up dollar and compliance efforts in air and water pollution (Georgia has a nasty statewide sewage problem). His consumer protection bill was not successful, but it paved the way for Georgia's first such statute, passed recently by the General Assembly. He also promoted a political ethics bill that eventually got through in watered-down form.

Carter broke up Georgia's huge warehouse for the insane, Milledgeville, which at one time housed some 12,000 patients. Despite a lot of opposition, he moved about half of these people into small scattered community centers. Georgia had no drug-abuse treatment centers when he took office; now there are forty. Alcoholism clinics doubled. In 1971 Georgia had no prison wardens with college degrees. Bringing in Ellis MacDougall, the reforming head of the Connecticut prison system, as director of Offender Rehabilitation, Carter saw to it that educational and vocational programs were expanded for both prison personnel and inmates.

During his term black appointees rose from three to fifty-three, qualified people at that; and the state employed

Governor James Carter

about 2,000 more blacks. In education Carter obtained bills to improve schools in rural and poor areas; he got a pilot kindergarten program started. Also impressive was his promotion of international trade. Georgia has twice as many foreign trade missions as any other state—almost one-third of its 1974 new investment and trade was international—and Carter toured extensively, mainly in South America, to make business connections.

Jimmy Carter's chief accomplishment—it is the basis of his claim—was a massive reorganization of state government. Teams of business people and government specialists pored over the structural and management improvement studies of some thirty states to develop the Georgia plan. The state's 300 lumbering agencies were trimmed to twenty-two (plus a handful more—fiefs whose influence with the legislature was great enough to escape the Great Organizer's net). One new entity is the Department of Human Resources, a 15,000-plus employee giant that now handles all welfare, health and related services. Human Resources has proved controversial. A long-time state official who admires Carter personally calls the reorganization a wonderful idea, except that people aren't squares on a systems analysis chart. The dust has not yet settled on the reorganization, and at this point all one can say is that no disabling legislation appeared in the new Governor's first session, despite persistent bellyaching in the General Assembly.

Reorganization apparently did save money. By reducing multiple accounting and overlapping services, and by performing corporate tricks like zero budgeting (whereby an agency must justify its entire budget annually, not just its increases) and loaning state money on a bid basis, Carter, without raising taxes, had amassed a $10-million surplus by the time he left office. (Georgia operates on $1.8 billion.) Heritage Trust published a 90-page retrospective of Carter's administration, *A State in Action*, just before he left office. Departing from the usual partisan chest-thumping, the book lists unmet needs in more than thirty areas; and it carries Carter's belief that he has left Georgia a foundation for its "bright future."

Reorganization had its negative side. To enlist his employees' help, Carter had to promise not to fire anybody; and the number of state employees crept upward, though not as fast as in the 1960s. Zero budgeting sounds good, but having to justify the entire budget every year may well hamstring long-term planning. Critics also contend that Carter was high-handed with the legislature; he has been accused of "rigidity." That is another way of saying that he methodically rammed reorganization through a legislature accustomed to deference. More than one measure squeezed by with a bare margin. Then too Carter had to deal with the ruffled Lieutenant Governor Maddox, who at times seemed bent on being his personal crown of thorns. Carter has since said that as President he might take the hard issues to the people rather than deal with Congress. That would probably be more difficult than he imagines.

Carter characterizes himself as a liberal on racial and social justice issues, a conservative in government management. His work bears him out. The long-term effects of his administration won't be known by convention time or even primary time. But he was certainly a strong leader in a state that badly needed some governmental maturity and direction. Hoax Myth, the mysterious columnist for the *Atlanta Gazette*, and perhaps the most perceptive political journalist in Georgia, considers Carter "the state's finest chief executive . . . since the whirlwind term of Ellis Arnall in the mid-1940s."

As a relative unknown nationally, Carter has been willing to voice an opinion on almost every conceivable subject. But he returns to these basic themes: (*1*) Cut spending—defense could stand a healthy going-over. Scrap

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the B-1 bomber, cut foreign troop commitments (Carter did think defense cutbacks a dangerous course when McGovern advocated them, but he never supported the war in Vietnam). (2) Get those 1,900 federal agencies down to 200 or so, and make them efficient. That would be a true gift to the nation, if he could do it. Carter has also talked about such things as energy self-sufficiency—coal, solar and nuclear. With some knowledge of atomic technology, Carter thinks nuclear reactors are safe; when pushed, he will concede they may be made safe. (He stood firm against energy monopolies that could have cost Georgians millions; and he also resisted a Georgia nuclear fuel reprocessing plant on the ground of States' rights, cautioning the AEC to consult states on matters of safety.) (3) Finally, Carter presents himself as a dedicated man who seizes every opportunity to inform himself—he meets regularly with Dean Rusk, among others. Certainly his blunt and early call for Nixon's resignation adds to his reputation for forthrightness.

The campaign and advertising people say that their main task right now is to gear up faster than they had anticipated. Counting the newly arrived Chris Brown, who managed Jerry Apodaca's successful Democratic campaign for governor of New Mexico, the group has grown from two to eleven since the first of the year. Finances have blossomed too. Carter has now raised $250,000 from contributors in thirty-nine states. The campaign is currently piling up 66 cents in surplus for every dollar it spends, and the first of the direct mailings, a 250,000-name appeal handled by Dick Crone of New York, has just gone out. It's paid for, so the response will be gravy.

Low-profile candidates traditionally haunt the backwoods by necessity: Carter makes it a virtue. He is unsurpassed at talking with individuals and small groups (his speech-making voice is nondescript). People who meet him almost invariably come away impressed by his confidence and sincerity, and his campaigning style insures that a great many people will meet him. Carter also made a lot of friends while serving as national campaign manager in the last elections. He worked personally in some fifty campaigns and the overall favorable outcomes couldn't have hurt him. Moreover, he has an incredible knack for getting on TV. During recent trips to Iowa and Jacksonville, Fla., he was seen fielding questions on all the local stations, thus alerting whole areas to his presence. And Carter does not neglect the more sophisticated belt lines: he led off April with appearances in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Harrisburg.

A great many miles lie between Jimmy Carter and the Democratic nomination. But given his drive and personality, and no surprises (like a Teddy Kennedy projected into the arena), the most serious obstacle to serious convention consideration is in Montgomery, wheeling around the Alabama Governor's mansion. Carter flirted with the Wicked Wizard during his 1970 race and the 1972 Presidentials. Many Georgians in 1972 did infer that he and Wallace were cut from the same cloth. However, it's doubtful that Carter ever said out and out that he was a Wallace man. Careful reading of his comments and speeches show that he acknowledged Wallace's power, but cleverly skirted endorsing him. He turned down a feeler that he second Wallace at the convention, choosing instead to nominate Scoop Jackson. Carter said harsh things about Wallace at the Seattle Governors' Conference last year, and he has now invited a showdown by announcing that he will run against Wallace in the Alabama primary. That is potentially dangerous talk, for Wallace has the Alabama primary virtually rigged. Candidates' names do not appear on the ballot, only lists of delegates, and somehow Wallace delegates are immensely more recognizable than those of anyone else.

The Florida primary next March will probably be a more accurate indicator of the two men's standings. The knowing talk is that Carter need not beat Wallace there to become the Southern favorite, but he must run well. And if he should win? Diehard Easterners might ask what they are to think of a man the South prefers to George Wallace: he must really be a nut. One thing is sure: Wallace is in for a fight.

Another Presidential embryo from the Peach State is Julian Bond, the black state Senator who was mentioned for Vice President at the last convention, until he reminded folks he was too young for the office. He's old enough to be President now; consequently, he thinks about it. He contends that in a three-way Georgia primary Carter would run behind both Wallace and him. He could be right; but it's questionable. Lester Maddox, who controlled the Wallace spirit in Georgia, was beaten terribly in the 1974 governor's race by the blandly moderate George Busby. A lot of Georgians were disappointed by Carter's seeming reversal on race, but these same people were most helped by his administration. His concern for the poor and disenfranchised has been consistent throughout his political career. Wallace's administrations haven't produced that kind of leadership.

Julian Bond hasn't actually announced: he mutters that if he could get his hands on $20,000 he would amble down to Montgomery to see Morris Dees. Dees has come to be thought of as the Midas of political direct mail, since anybody who could raise money for George McGovern must be a sorcerer. Bond is an incredibly good-looking man who has inspired many a fantasy among the League of Women Voters. However, aside from being penniless and tired of making speeches for a living, Bond is quite openly for bigger government. He denies that he is strictly a minority, civil rights candidate, but the public would have to be completely re-educated to see him any other way, and civil rights is not a hot national topic. Bond is further hampered by important black endorsements of Carter. Rep. Andrew Young has come out for him, as has Martin Luther King, Sr. Ralph Abernathy has not spoken, but he showed up at a recent Carter fund-raising dinner.

Should Carter's popularity continue to grow nationally, Georgia and the rest of the South might easily develop buck fever. A sense of Manifest Destiny has long been slumbering in the Deep South, a yearning for a leader of dignity and high purpose—someone who will express and perhaps vindicate the old, good Southern virtues of manners, civility and love of the land. All of the South's Presidents, the early Virginians and the Johnsons—of Tennessee and Texas—were planners, and men of compassion for people. Carter fits the mold. If this Southern spirit rouses itself, Jimmy Carter of Plains, Ga., will be a very potent candidate for nomination. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

But What If Sales Decline and Prices Rise?

THE ROOTS OF INFLATION. *By Gardiner C. Means, John M. Blair, Alfred E. Kahn, et al. Burt Franklin & Co. 315 pp. $15.*

BERNARD D. NOSSITER

It has now become fashionable to report that the economists have nothing to tell us, that a world of steeply rising prices and mounting unemployment fits none of the received models, that the experts owe us a decent silence. Even Keynes, hailed in the popular press as the gravedigger of the business cycle, did not after all construct a general theory but wrote a special case. His nostrums, it is said, cured the ills of an earlier and simpler age when prices and jobs fell together. But now we are beset with new maladies. Where, ask the commentators, is the new Keynes who will let us escape from a Hobson's choice, high employment with galloping inflation or stable prices and long queues of the jobless?

In fact, the intellectual state of economics is not as bankrupt as this caricature suggests. For nearly forty years, Gardiner Means has been mapping the outlines of a world not far removed from the one we now live in. His most important adept, John Blair, has been carefully documenting what Means found, first at the Federal Trade Commission and then at a remarkable series of hearings he conducted in the late 1950s and early 1960s for Senator Kefauver's Antitrust Subcommittee.

A distilled version of their discoveries is the heart of *The Roots of Inflation*, a collection of essays by Means, Blair and six other more or less like-minded economists. In the Great Depression, Means had the wit to look at the actual behavior of prices and found that they did not all behave in the same way. Some fell sharply as demand crumbled, in accord with the tenets of classical theory. But others dropped very little and, in these industries, heavy cuts in output and employment bore the brunt of the shrinking demand. There appeared, in sum, to be two distinct sets of prices, and the structure of markets, competitive or concentrated, determined their behavior. In markets with many competitors—textiles, scrap iron, wheat—prices plunged as conventional supply and demand notions would expect. But in industries dominated by a few producers—steel, autos, electrical machinery—corporations enjoyed considerable discretion over prices and chose to maintain them with relatively little change.

Blair built on this to carry Means's work one step further. In the comparatively mild and brief postwar recessions, Blair and Means observed that producers were no longer simply maintaining prices as demand fell. Instead, prices in the concentrated sectors actually rose, and Blair termed this "perverse price flexibility." The large corporations, Blair demonstrated, were fixing prices to assure themselves a steady rate of profit, in good years and bad, regardless of the state of demand. As sales fell, a U.S. Steel or a General Motors would lift prices to compensate for the loss of business. The handful of competitors they confronted would follow suit because it was both prudent and convenient. More than fifteen years ago, then, at least one school of economists had described the present nightmare, rising prices in a slump.

We have just seen a bizarre demonstration of this phenomenon. The auto companies have been putting up prices steadily despite a dramatic absence of customers. For a brief period last winter, Detroit made some cuts, but they were temporary concessions to clear out burdensome inventories. As soon as this task was accomplished, the auto makers promptly put their charges back up again in a breath-taking display of their power to administer prices.

These are uncomfortable findings, and the measured language of *The Roots of Inflation* almost conceals the political problems they pose. The discovery of administered prices, moreover, does not invalidate the Keynesian remedies but points up their costs. By choking demand—curbing the money supply, cutting expenditures or raising taxes—public policy makers can force competitive prices down to offset at least some of the rise of the perverse pricing in concentrated sectors. But the cost in lost goods, services and jobs is greater than any democratic society can tolerate for very long. In the same way, demand can be expanded as the $25-billion tax cut and a lighter hand at the Federal Reserve is about to demonstrate again. But this will stimulate a rise in competitive prices and an upward creep in administered prices that will saddle us with a new round of inflation.

It is not accurate to say that policy makers have completely ignored the Means-Blair thesis. Kennedy's wage-price guideposts were an implicit acknowledgment of discretionary pricing power, and they did damp down inflation as the country recovered from the 1959-60 slump. Oddly enough, the Nixon administration was even more forthright and briefly experimented with direct controls over the largest corporations. That they did not survive has less to do with any lack of efficacy than with the ideological predilections of the Nixon entourage and the political power of restive corporations and unions.

The recent experience in Western Europe has provided variants on the American theme. The other contributors to *The Roots of Inflation* make this clear. In Britain, the chief engine of perverse pricing has been a trade union movement that is powerful, parochial and short-sighted. It has been particularly successful in driving up money wages as employment falls in state-controlled industries. There, management enjoys the ultimate in concentration, a monopoly position. Even a Labour government has been compelled to identify wages as the source of galloping inflation. But like its American counterpart, the Wilson regime acts to curb demand in general. Thus, Labour scraps its hitherto sacred pledge to sustain full employment because it fears to act directly on wages. The almost certain and perverse result is that the unions will now seek even bigger increases to make up for the income lost through higher taxes. This is a strategy that General Motors or General Electric would well understand.

Prof. Helmut Arndt, writing a year ago, tries to tell us that these things are ordered better in West Germany, where powerful corporations are supposedly held in check by Common Market competitors, and an informed union move-

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ment accepts a policy of moderation. Until this past year, facts seemed to support this claim. But now Germany suffers from the standard complaint, rising prices and the worst unemployment since the early postwar years.

H.W. de Jong explains why. In its early years, the Common Market did expose European firms in one country to the competition of their neighbors. But European corporate executives are not so different from American managers. They too relish the more comfortable life of controlled competition, and a rapid merger movement has concentrated the Continent's industry. As a crude measure of the change, the fifty largest firms accounted for 35 per cent of total output among the original Common Market six in 1965. Five years later, the top fifty were producing 45 per cent.

Everywhere in the industrialized West, then, welfare capitalist states are afflicted with similar problems flowing from the pricing power of powerful corporations, strong unions or both. These problems have been worsened, as Means observes, by the collaborating cartels of oil producer states and oil corporations. But oil has simply reinforced—not created—this troubling state of affairs.

If the Keynesian remedies to cure inflation are frustrated by concentration and those to cure slump are accompanied by unbearable side effects, public policy must deal directly with pricing power. At least in theory, one answer could be deconcentration, the breaking up of large corporations and unions to create competitive markets. But this course is unlikely to recommend itself to any politician who wants to stay in office. Apart from this homely consideration, unions and corporations are so deeply rooted in our social fabric that their demolition would entail an unbearably painful break with the familiar ways in which we live and work.

A much less radical and more practical course would involve restraining corporate and union appetites. If Means and Blair are right, sweeping wartime controls over prices and wages are unnecessary. Instead, curbs on the increases of a few hundred dominant firms are enough. Indeed, as Blair has suggested, controls could be limited to an even smaller group, the price leaders in the concentrated industries. If General Motors is curbed, Ford is not likely to set its prices at a higher level; control General Electric and you need not worry about Westinghouse.

Is this politically unreal? The managerial bureaucracies that make decisions in modern corporations and unions appear to value security and growth above all else. Thus, they might accept restraint with more grace than their public pronouncements suggest. If they recognize that government can underwrite high levels of employment and output only by inhibiting their freedom to administer prices, industrial bureaucracies may well tolerate a regimen of controls with only formal, token resistance. □

Right Pew, Wrong Church

THE BROKEN COVENANT: American Civil Religion in a Time of Trial. *By Robert N. Bellah. The Seabury Press. 172 pp. $7.95.*

PETER McGRATH

"I never was without some religious principles," Benjamin Franklin reassures us in his *Autobiography*, having just confessed that he attends no church and subscribes to no dogma.

> I never doubted, for instance, the existence of the Deity; that he made the world and govern'd it by his Providence; that the most acceptable service of God was the doing of good to men, that our souls are immortal; and that all crime will be punished, and virtue rewarded either here or hereafter. These I esteemed the essentials of every religion; and, being to be found in all the religions we had in our country, I respected them all.

He goes on to conclude that religion is in general a good thing, for it promotes morality, fosters popular unity and kindles friendship. Ever the archetypal American, Franklin bequeaths us a religion short on metaphysical doctrine but long on practical moralism.

Religion and politics have always gotten along well in America. In other countries, differences in belief and ritual have often set people at one another's throats, but here, despite our ethnic and cultural pluralism, religion has tended to confirm the consensus with regard to the values undergirding our politics. In short, as Franklin foresaw, ideas about the "essentials" of religion have intertwined with notions of civic virtue.

Observers of America have offered various accounts of religion's flirtation with politics. Alexis de Tocqueville was only the first to stress the integrative function of religion in a democracy—where there is little coercion or fear, political obligation and respect for the rule of law must rely on the sacred. Some suggested that, since our religious pluralism and our Constitution have prevented the emergence of a national church, Americans have channeled their religious energies into patriotism. Others said that we have, like Franklin, a liberal, utilitarian attitude toward religion; Will Herberg remarked on our faith in faith itself, as in Ike's opinion that a good citizen ought to have *some* religion, "and I don't care what it is."

One or two social scientists, however, went beyond functional terms. In 1967, Robert Bellah, a sociologist, published in a *Daedalus* symposium a paper called "Civil Religion in America," saying:

> While some have argued that Christianity is the national faith, and others that church and synagogue celebrate only the generalized religion of "the American Way of Life," few have realized that there actually exists alongside of and rather clearly differentiated from the churches an elaborate and well-institutionalized civil religion in America. . . . This religion—or perhaps better, this religious dimension—has its own seriousness and integrity and requires the same care in understanding that any religion does.

Americans, he went on to argue, have been inclined to interpret the national experience in essentially religious terms, "in the light of ultimate and universal reality." There is a mythical quality to American history as presented in the public schools and on national holidays, and it is a mythology with overtones derived from the Judaeo-Christian tradition. The voyage of the *Mayflower* becomes an Exodus, the New World a promised land, and the first settlers like unto the Israelites of old. As Sidney Mead had put it in an earlier book, "America is the religion of America, and the public school system is its established church."

There is nothing really new here. Bellah himself pointed out that his thesis was an adaptation of Emile Durkheim's notion that every human community has a religious dimension, every society possesses a collective conscience rooted in a conception of the ultimate and the perfect. Furthermore, aspects of the thesis had been anticipated in the work of men like Mead, Herberg, Seymour Martin Lipset, Perry Miller, W. Lloyd Warner, and Bellah's mentor Talcott Parsons. Nothing really new but, coming as it did just when the war in Vietnam was breeding disenchantment with "the American adventure," Bellah's essay

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touched off a minor controversy in the academic community. To many readers, the author's discovery of "religion" in the idea of "America" seemed somehow to hint at a theological justification of American actions, to confer a blessing on them.

When "Civil Religion in America" was reprinted in Bellah's 1969 book, *Beyond Belief*, he added a brief rejoinder to the charges that he had in effect offered up an idolatrous conception of the country. He said that the civil religion was "not a form of national self-worship, but the subordination of the nation to ethical principles that transcend it and *in terms of which it should be judged*" (emphasis supplied). The civil religion was to be not a ritual self-congratulation but a source of fundamental, possibly even radical, social criticism.

The Broken Covenant is a work of social criticism drawn from those premises. At bottom it is an attack on the American ideology of liberalism, which Bellah calls "the complex of capitalism, utilitarianism, and science as a cultural form." This attack comes neither from the Right nor the Marxian Left, but from somewhere outside those traditions. As such, it belongs perhaps with other recent works like Garry Wills's *Nixon Agonistes*, which blames the dominance of liberalism for the current malfunctions and malaise in American life and which draws on near-forgotten values without being in the least "reactionary."

Bellah seems to think that what America needs most is a reconstructed civil religion. It is a sociological commonplace, he writes, that every healthy society must enjoy a rough consensus about good and bad, right and wrong—otherwise, people would be unable to count on one another or to feel obligation or love of country. Most sociologists, he adds, think that this common standard of moral judgment must rest on a conception of the cosmos in which the moral understandings make sense to people. That is, it must rest on religion. Bellah admits that liberalism "has its own world-view, its own 'religion' even—though it is an adamantly this-worldly one—and its own utopianism: the utopianism of total technical control, of course in the service of the 'freedom' of individual self-interest." But he denies that the liberal moral conception of America was the original, religious one. Bellah does not argue for "the literal revival of the earlier conception" but he is convinced that modern liberalism is leading "to the destruction of Amer-

(*Continued on page 601*)

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Prize-Winning Poets

The winners of "DISCOVERY—*THE NATION*, '75," who will appear at The Poetry Center on May 12, are Katha Pollitt, David St. John, Jean Feraca and Gary Soto. The new contest was judged by C.K. Williams, Harvey Shapiro, Arthur Gregor and myself. The competition, a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" contest and *The Nation*'s poetry prize, is designed to attract larger audiences for young poets through the combined media of publication and poetry recital.

Nearly a thousand manuscripts were received in the contest, which was open to poets who have not been published in book form. The winners were chosen on the basis of a body of work rather than on individual poems.

Grace Schulman, Poetry Editor

ELEGY

They've carried the fat man who yelled
For more butter on his lobster through the streets
Weeping. No, not the man the people are weeping
& a whole city
Is domed with auroras & smoke. The fat man's dead.
Only the sea is silent about it, everyone else
Is carrying on, & the pucker of lye & revolt washes
the rough
Mouth of the harbor. That man walked his mornings
By the shore. He dragged a brazen,
Wooden woman in off the beach, & nailed her
To the thick beam of the ceiling, where she looked out
For bad weather & Chile. Hung the wall with a ship's
Wheel, so that the moon lit the brass & copper spokes,
& such an odd star
Led him back, always, to this room overlooking the waves.
The sign of the crab shifts across the horizon. The sorrow
Of night. He is laid out like an old sea lion,
Not so much exhausted as worn: Of taking
That chance of saying what pleases you, such as the truth.
Or some few words that sound like music & the sea.
That please you. That come & go.
As easily as a government of tides, or the vandals & soldiers
Sacking your house. As the blossoms of lilac draping
the casket.
Of all simple things, the simplest: Your lashes
Locked together. A little earth.

David St. John

REMEMBER

Remember that we are moving away brother
From those years
In the same house with a white stepfather
What troubled him has been forgotten

But what troubled us has settled
Like dirt
In the nests of our knuckles
And can not be washed away

All those times you woke shivering
In the night
From a coldness I
Could not understand
And cupped a crucifix beneath the covers

All those summers we hoed our yard
In the afternoon sun
The heat waving across our faces
And we waved back wasps
While the one we hated
Watched us from under a tree and said nothing

We will remember those moments brother

And now that we are far
From one another
What I want to speak of
Is the quiet of a room just before daybreak
And you next to me sleeping

Gary Soto

A TURKISH STORY

The rugweaver kept his daughters at home, unmarried.
The soft clash of their bangles said wish for us, wish.

Longing for a son, a handsome agronomist,
for years he worked on a rug that would have no errors:

the blue was disappointment, the red was rancor.
His daughters circled their eyes with kohl and went to the market,

they stirred pots, singing
a song about a lion asleep under an almond tree.

When he died each married a husband strong as the sea.
They danced on the rug, and its errors blazed like stars.

Katha Pollitt

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ERICE

1

Your hair is soft
white as dead grass
whispering, full of the eyes of old women.

Full of sighs
and hissing, the sea of your voice, its long
skinny arms
pleading with the sand, the tiny shells.

You wait by the church door, all fringe
and rags, your hands are beggars
they cry from the steps
as I pass.

2

Left
like treasure on a mountain, a dagger
honed in wind
high above the plain, you
tilt, as

one
by one, the clouds
rise from the sea
and cross
over Trapani . . .

(the wind flicks a tongue in the eucalyptus
incestuous
incestuous
the fan palm glitters on the hill)

Hooded mummer, wound
in fog
clasped like a lover in his secret flesh

slowly your mind
spins
out of the grey rock
I follow you through a maze . . .

you draw me like the thought of my own death.

3

Cold, the streets at dawn slink like cats
and disappear. Mists
in the piazza
swirl like drowning sails
and the same
lame dog
keeps passing, its nails
click like teeth over the slick
wet stone.

Jean Feraca

ican society, or possibly in an effort to stave off destruction, to a technical tyranny of the 'brave new world' variety."

The fatal flaw of liberal utilitarianism, Bellah thinks, is partly its overestimation of the efficacy of technical reason and partly its overemphasis on individual self-interest. Our faith in technical solutions tends to release us from a sense of responsibility for the consequences of our pursuit of self-interest. Our individualism positively discourages cooperative approaches to the problems which face us all equally. Liberalism erodes the very sense of mutual obligation—to others and to society as an organism—that a shared value system is supposed to promote. Is religion the way out of this quandary?

Liberal intellectuals, Bellah notes, have tended to regard religion as "ideology" in Karl Mannheim's sense, that is, as an instrument of the *status quo*. On the contrary, he says, religion in America once often served as—to use Mannheim's terms again—a "Utopia," an ideal which through invidious comparisons tends to undermine the *status quo*. It served this way for Eugene Debs and it seems to have done something similar for George McGovern, with his cry of "Come home, America."

A reconstructed civil religion would begin with a recovery of American myths and symbols, particularly the myths of national origin. In the beginning, we read, America was conceived as a "New Israel," a covenant community in the fullest Biblical sense of that term. Just as the Old Testament God made the Israelites His chosen people, in return for which they as a community were to bind themselves to Him and to His laws, so the Puritan God made the Americans *His* chosen people, in return for which they were to pledge themselves to the moral life in New England. The gift was not without obligation. A covenant community is a society based on mutual charity and divine justice, a Utopia which implies a powerful critique of the liberal ideal of a society based on a coagulation of countervailing individual interests.

Bellah applies this approach to several hundred years of mythic history—even seeing Abraham Lincoln as almost a sacrificial savior—and puts it to a variety of uses. Within its terms he can explain such things as the recent rise of interest in Oriental religions, and what J. Edgar Hoover used to call "the rising tide of lawlessness." Within its terms he can voice his hope (expressed in *The Nation* last December 28) for a turn toward a decentralized democratic socialism. Though brief and sometimes

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annoyingly elliptical, this is a book full of provocative thoughts. The idea that we need a "religious" vision to see more clearly where we have been and where we are going, and who we are, is a powerful one.

Many readers will want to quarrel with Bellah's main theme by claiming that it is precisely America's religious sense of itself—in the form of a swollen missionary impulse—that leads us into anti-Communist crusades all over the world. Bellah concedes the "distortions and perversions" to which an overheated religiosity is subject. "But I do not conclude as some others do that the entire tradition of religious-moral understanding of America should therefore be abandoned. The substitution, in an effort to demythologize the political system, of a technical-rational model of politics for a religious-moral one does not seem to me to be an advantage." We should think about that, before we drown in the pieties of the Bicentennial. □

A Reasonably Eupeptic View of Us

THE ASCENT OF MAN. *By Jacob Bronowski. Little, Brown and Co. 488 pp. $15.*

LOUIS ZARA

Sweet are the uses of the university, especially for the redemptive purposes of mass education via television. Not since the invention of the semi-cloistered institution of learning in the Middle Ages has the lecturer possessed of eloquence and conviction had so rich an opportunity to win a wide following for himself and his subject matter. Today, erudition well-managed has a place as a (minor) spectator sport.

Half a century ago, radio, with its purely aural demand, led millions of listeners into a warm, and even passionate, appreciation of music. Over the last two decades, television, commanding the eye as well as the ear and adapting the technology of the cinema, has become an amiable Pied Piper, or Green Giant, for both children and adults in the crusade for instant education. At their best the educational networks and the commercial broadcasting establishments have given highly valuable public service.

Under the aegis of Sir Kenneth Clark, the distinguished art historian, BBC television a few years ago offered a pleasing and informative series of telecasts under the title *Civilisation*. It could be argued that the title was several sizes too large for the material Sir Kenneth presented, inasmuch as it focused chiefly on that part of the human saga which could be expressed by the visible, that is, by works that were made to be enjoyed with the eyes. Nevertheless, the *Civilisation* series earned the many accolades it received, for it marked an important step in the coming of age of the tele-documentary in the art field. Sir Kenneth's book of the same name, based on the telescripts and fortified with illustrations from the telecast, was deservedly popular.

To follow the success of the *Civilisation* series, the BBC commissioned Jacob Bronowski, the late brilliant mathematician, teacher and scientific humanist, to prepare and execute a parallel series in the field of science. Entitled *The Ascent of Man*, it purports to be a "full-scale history of science" for the same multimillion television public. The present book, like the earlier *Civilisation* volume, was developed from the original telescripts, the illustrations selected from the footage already available through the video effort.

The title of the Bronowski book, *The Ascent of Man* (a reference to Darwin's *Descent of Man*), is magnificent. It sounds the trumpets at a time when bewildered mankind, proud of the great technologies that minister to it and yet inwardly shrinking from the approaching robothood that Orwell's *1984* predicted and many scientists and science fictionists see in the future, surely wants reassurance. And Dr. Bronowski is probably as suited to carry the torch of optimism in the 1970s as Thomas Henry Huxley was to serve as the apostle of Darwinism a century ago in England.

There is an exhilarating quality in everything published by Jacob Bronowski. In an age of specialization he defied the parochial confines that limited so many of his colleagues. If mathematics was his springboard, he became a man on the flying trapeze, making his leaps and turns from science to science with elegance, and clearly enjoying every moment. He wrote a splendid book on William Blake, and while borrowing frankly from other thinkers, has expressed himself eloquently on a great variety of humanistic topics that more restrained scientists rarely approach, at least in public.

The Ascent of Man is probably not his best prose, but then, in his defense, it must be noted that the studied looseness of the spoken word on television (except for Sir Kenneth Clark) is as accepted as the station-break interval. Given the flow of pictures on the home screen, one absorbs the more or less colloquial commentary as the genial effort of the narrator to be not too complex or highfalutin. Truly to give the full quality of a fine television show in the book derived from that show would require either the inclusion of the non-narrative directions, with the serious risk that the reading public would turn away from it, or of so copious a selection of pictures that no publisher could afford to issue the book.

Even if, to anyone who is more or less familiar with the story, Dr. Bronowski seems in his book to be a David dancing in jubilation before the Ark of Science, he performs most engagingly. He *means* the ascent of man, for he romantically entitles his first chapter "Lower than the Angels" and begins with "the creation of man," finding the site to be "almost certain[ly]" in Africa near the equator—the valley of the river Omo in Ethiopia near Lake Rudolf—and proceeding, fossil skull by fossil skull, to unveil the stages of the appearance of *Homo sapiens*.

The author was a superb teacher who quickly warmed to the teaching of a vast public. When he trailed off he still went on teaching painlessly, moving from hunting through agriculture to the introduction of the horse as if he really had his entire audience crowding about his seminar table. Whether he spoke of the use of fire, of the appearance of wheat, of the making of tools, of the wheel, of the invention of the symbol zero or of the Gothic arch, his narrative was admirable for an audience delighted to be informed that man's long journey upward has been a succession of feats of near levitation.

Reading *The Ascent of Man* called to mind an earlier book which was also the offspring of a television program. (I had seen neither the Bronowski telecasts nor the other, but the texts invited comparison since a score of years lay between them.) In the summer of 1952 and 1953 Carleton A. Coon, the distinguished anthropologist who had installed the Hall of Man at the University of Pennsylvania's museum, appeared on a CBS broadcast in a program entitled *Summer School*. Here Professor Coon offered his own confessedly limited

Louis Zara has been an executive in book-publishing houses and an editor of technical publications. The author of ten novels, he has also written scenarios and radio and television scripts.

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"history of the world." Recalling how he had quietly, step by step, unfolded the story of the ascent of man from the earliest stages to the present critical period, I turned once again to Coon's pages to review what difference twenty years of further research could have made.

Not a great deal. Coon's approach was less ebullient but also more humble. His definitions were simpler: "Culture is the sum total of the things that people do as a result of having been so taught. . . . A specific culture is a set of procedures by which a people living in a place over a span of time conduct themselves." He described "the four phases of history": in the first, man was "but one of many competing species of two-legged, two-handed, ground-living animals of the primate family." Man had already learned to make recognizable tools and probably to speak. "Before it was over he had learned to keep warm with fire." In this biological phase of history, man's superior capacity for culture gave him a decisive and immediate advantage "and an opportunity for the future." In phase two, man learned to cook food and to make warm clothing. As a hunter he dominated all zoological realms. He invented the bow and arrow and domesticated a hunting companion, the dog, and with hunting now easier, began to specialize in arts and crafts as his skills grew. In phase three, he began cultivating plants, invented pottery, smelted copper, invented writing, and in a rapid sequence of cultural events moved swiftly to "horses, iron, money, cannon, printing, deep-water ships, coke, steam engines, electricity, and all of the modern inventions." During this phase he wasted the materials of the earth and found the means to destroy it and himself. Culture ran rampant at man's expense and to the peril of nature, culture and man himself.

"Now," said Coon, "we stand at the threshold of phase four of history, faced with a triple choice—the world will be destroyed, or nature will regain its balance at man's expense, or man will restore nature without the loss of his cultural heritage when he learns to unify the cultures of the world, just as his ancestor made man a single species. As he unified the human species at the highest biological level then in existence, so must we unify man at the highest cultural level existing today, or evolution will come to an end."

Dr. Bronowski, of course, covered the same time span and the same phases of history. Occasionally his terms were different and he emphasized items and events that were in his view more satisfactory. Scientists are not in agreement on the interpretation of fossil evidence, but about the main lines in man's ascent they are more or less in accord. Dr. Bronowski chose to call his work "a philosophy rather than a history . . . a contemporary version of what used to be called Natural Philosophy." Maybe so; I could not see it, not in this text.

I found the Coon story the soberer, the less personalized and, even after twenty years, still a useful reference that I want to keep on my shelves. The Bronowski, a truly handsome volume, will probably enjoy a far greater audience than the other ever did. But now and then even Dr. Bronowski's fetching optimism has a hollow ring. Perhaps the world does need to be exhorted again and again that man is ever ascending. If we hear it repeated often enough, will it bestir us to look around and make commitments not only to ourselves but to our species, all mankind? Bronowski seems to have thought so, or hoped so. □

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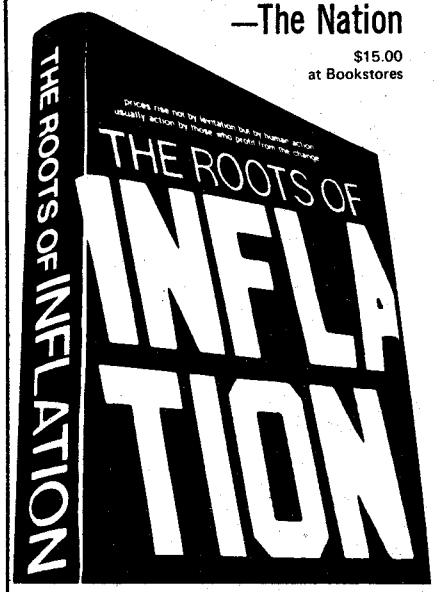

By Gardiner C. Means, John M. Blair, Alfred E. Kahn, *et. al.*
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DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

George Balanchine's *Ivesiana* is surrounded by mystique. Because it has been out of the repertory more than it has been in since its première in September 1954, *Ivesiana* has been a perennially "lost" ballet. (Two of the sections, "Over the Pavements" and "Halloween," seem to be lost for good.) This season it is back again after an absence of seven years, but even so the four sections now constituting *Ivesiana* are still elusive; the ballet will be performed a mere three times during the current nine-week engagement. For other reasons, too, *Ivesiana* occupies a rather glamorous niche in the huge Balanchine canon. It is one of the wild ones. No dancing of the sort to which Balanchine has accustomed us, no classical boundaries, less a musical equivalent of Ives than a dramatic reading of it. It is a giant *coup de théâtre* and one of Balanchine's rare excursions into naked fantasy. Furthermore, those who feel compelled to place Balanchine in the *avant-garde* can find a rationale in *Ivesiana*: undoubtedly they will refer to the last section, "In the Night," which consists of "nothing" but a bunch of figures walking across the stage on their knees. For a prototype of daringly metaphorical storytelling, "The Unanswered Question" is apt. Four men manipulate the limbs of a young girl so that she grazes the ground but never touches it. Nor is she allowed, except for one instant, to touch the man who seeks to touch her. These sections do have elements of shock, weirdness, theatrical splendor and plain beauty, although to consider them examples of Balanchine's *avant-gardism* is, I think, mistaken and misguided. A truer example of it would be the pure Petipa variation for two girls in *Agon*. Why that little dance of nothing but *passés* looks so startling and so fresh is really *the* unanswered question and Balanchine's dearest secret. The one true claim for groundbreaking in *Ivesiana* is the music. Premièred four months after Ives's death, it virtually introduced the great composer to a wide public.

Ivesiana is better described as uncharacteristic—for Balanchine what the nightmarish *Winterbranch* is for Merce Cunningham—but even "uncharacteristic" is treading on slippery ground. For it is

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possible to make a journey into Balanchinean theme and style from the starting point of *Ivesiana* and branch out from there. Off the top of my head, I immediately see in a girl's wandering among an anonymous ensemble a link between "Central Park in the Dark" (section one of *Ivesiana*) and *Serenade*, which predates *Ivesiana* by twenty years. The humorous distortions of classical forms into the jazzy American-style dance of "In the Inn" are later developed in the "Rubies" section of *Jewels*. The mass knee-walk that closes *Ivesiana* could be an early form of the ritual apotheosis closing *Don Quixote*. Certainly the sphinx-like girl has obsessed Balanchine throughout his career as much as she obsesses the seeking man in "The Unanswered Question."

Of the four extant sections, that one comes closest to recapturing the original effect, but as of its first New York performance on April 30 the shock, weirdness, theatrical splendor and beauty of all the sections exist as merely seeds of sensation. The mass migrations, those nocturnal walks to nowhere that form the core of "Central Park in the Dark" and "In the Inn" look too orderly. There are not enough people on the stage. The lighting is too austere and too revealing. For these sections to have their proper effect, the audience must not know how many people are on the stage, where they have come from, or where they are going. As I remember the final scene, it was drab and sad; perhaps at that time the dancers walked with their eyes cast slightly down. They walk still with the proper neutrality—for it is the lack of any emotional signature that gives this knee-walk its shock and strangeness—but in letting us see a profile of their eyes staring blankly ahead, they are again allowing us to see too much. By looking sad they dispel an image of sadness. In "In the Inn" a young man and woman meet, do a little bebop together, get friendly enough to compete a little with each other, and then abruptly shake hands and walk off in opposite directions. The shock of the ending is not only the abruptness and businesslike quality of their encounter but its grisly humor. With Suzanne Farrell in braids exploiting her Susie persona to the hilt in the jive dancing, she anticipates the flipness of the handshake and so robs that scene of its punch line. The girl's role in "The Unanswered Question" is the most difficult to revive because the memories of Allegra Kent soaring impassively through the air, oozing across the seeker's prone body, slithering around the encircled backs of her four escorts, and then sitting upright on their shoulders as though she had never moved an inch are still so very much alive. One key to Kent's miraculous performance was that she was at once a siren and terribly vulnerable. These qualities so balanced each other that she made herself into a void or, to put it another way, into an existential fact of life. Who could equal Kent? It is not Elise Flagg's fault that her features are too piercing and her jaw too squarely set to convey benign indifference, but convey this quality she does not.

Watching the substance of *Ivesiana* come to light, even discovering that there's less substance than meets the eye, could be one of the big adventure stories of the City Ballet in coming seasons. This old curiosity piece is still curious and at the very least inspires curiosity. □

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THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The so-called play of "social significance" which gave the theatre of the 1930s its special stamp (though even at that time it was numerically a minority manifestation) has today all but vanished from Broadway and even to some extent from Off-Broadway. To find a play of unequivocal native working-class subject matter and interest I went to a performance by the Labor Theatre, a company which proposes to offer "dramatic material relevant to working people's lives." What I saw was a documentary called '. . . *Singly None': An Evening with John L. Lewis*, assembled and directed by C. R. Portz and given only four performances at the Chelsea Westside Theatre on 43rd St. in preparation for showings at various union gatherings.

It deals with John L. Lewis' early years as a coal miner, a job he undertook in his father's footsteps, and his much later struggle to form the CIO. The play follows him to his victory at the Detroit sit-in against General Motors, and to his subsequent fall from power when he supported Wendell Willkie against Roosevelt in the Presidential election of 1940. The "story" is told by means of almost wholly verbatim recitals from Lewis' addresses and articles. These are complemented by the fiery exhortations of Mother Jones, who in the early 1900s took off across the country from Ludlow, Colo., where there had been a massacre of miners, to urge the workers to unite. She also exposed the abuses of

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A LAW OF MOTION

Uniformed, numbered, praying
you drop to your knees
in an outdoor chapel
and study two ants
mastering summer's last crumb.

Somewhere away from here
deer browse in soft grass,
nose deeply into cold water.

You come to know your life.
The long fall through space
the air growing warmer
one frame in focus
before the stop.

Physicists swear the earth itself
is attracted to each body.

The deer turns, looks back once.
Becomes the foliage.

Gerald Duff

hild labor and was influential in obtaining ameliorative legislation. From time to time the spoken scenes give way to old-time workmen's songs, which have a nostalgic pathos about them. They have become part of our folk mythology, smacking of an authentically vigorous and prideful patriotism.

The event interested, instructed, stirred, even "amused" me. John Lewis' orotund speeches, inspired by readings from the Bible, Shakespeare and the rhetorical style of village divines, are for all their pomposity as impressive as they are unwittingly comic. Even theatrically, the experience of hearing what Lewis had to say—well rendered in William Schilling's impersonation—and what Mother Jones through Dorothy Lancaster movingly revealed gave me more pleasure than did, let us say, the recent production of Maugham's *The Constant Wife* with Ingrid Bergman.

I report this chiefly to note that our theatre is anemically enfeebled by its lack of scope, its failure to encompass some of the most vital aspects of our national experience.

We come nowadays to a broader outlook on the American scene through the contributions of black playwrights, though there are in their works dangers of repetitiousness and certain limitations of insight and expression that are probably inevitable in so "young" a movement. Among the better writers is the 30-year-old Richard Wesley, author of last season's *The Sirens* and of a simple but thoughtfully suggestive one-act play, *The Past is the Past*, now at the Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 East 73rd St.

On the surface it is only an anecdote. A solitary black comes into an empty poolroom, plays with its various gadgets, till a much younger man enters. They eye each other strangely, casually begin to question each other, engage in a game of billiards. Soon we discover that they recognize each other as a father and son who have had scarcely any contact before. The youth is the illegitimate offspring of the older man's vagrant life. He has been married twice but has also had various affairs—one of them most serious, of which the youth is the consequence. The boy has always longed to know his father, has made several efforts to find him and in his pursuit has gained occasional glimpses of him. The father has virtually forgotten the son.

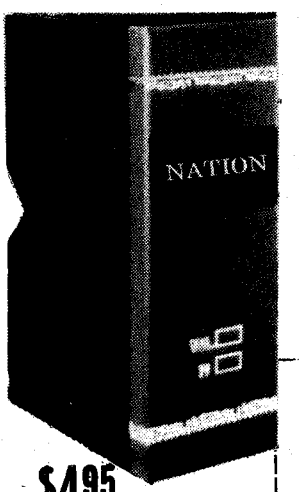
The father, now "successful" as a factory foreman, is glad to learn that his son is a college student, but he hardly believes it possible to bridge the gap that the years have placed between them. The father belongs to a truant generation suffering extreme deprivation and lack of sure purpose. Though he now understands the mistakes of his former way of life, he does not believe he can at present be helpful to his son, nor does he encourage the boy to look forward to any future commitment from him. What is implied here is that the black man of tomorrow must forge his way along a different path than that of the haplessly confused and perforce anarchic big city black of former days. "The past is the past." Yet, without recrimination there is a fiber of understanding between the two. The dialogue is quietly laconic, understated and always to the point. The acting too—by Bill Cobbs and Brent Jennings—is direct and true.

Wesley's play is followed by a longer one, *The Breakout*, by a writer who calls himself by the African name Oyamo. The active crux of the play is the dream of a jailbreak by two cell mates, one a poet of religious (non-Christian) inclination and the other almost an illiterate. On this premise the author rings changes which summon up different types: a minister who represents total identification with American civilization; a scatterbrained flunky among the prisoners who is at once Muslim and Maoist; a probable stool pigeon posing as the "leader" of the hoped-for jailbreak, who trades on the prisoners' gullibility to mulct them of their bits of cash. Over all hovers the specter of the martyred Malcolm X.

What emerges most clearly from all this, some of it cliché, is the imperative for the black man to *break out*. The two central figures, this time Terry Alexander with Jennings, do finally effect an escape. It is ingeniously staged—especially considering the limited space available at the Manhattan Theatre Club—by Harold Scott, whose direction of both plays is thoroughly apt.

Hordes of people are paying $10 to $15 a ticket to see Bette Midler in what purports to be a musical revue at the oversized Minskoff Theatre. They clap, yell, scream, sway and sing at Ms. Midler's bidding, but I cannot tell whether they are in thrall to her or she is their victim. I was reminded of an Aimee Semple McPherson revivalist spectacle I saw long ago in Los Angeles.

Bette Midler throws herself into everything she does with inexhaustible energy and the steam of her voice is horrendously amplified by the public-address system, thus obliterating nearly all the words she emits. That I suppose is no loss, because most of the au-



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HER

Beautiful. But that is
not why I love her.

She stole my love
by way of her way
with animals . . .

that lost-to-the-world look
dancing in her dark eyes

when her curiosity offers
peanuts to the lions
with that unmistakable firmness.

And they eat them.

Michael Niflis

dience knows them through recordings or through her previous appearances in night clubs or other architecturally less thunderous environments. Does the audience harbor a craving for death by noise?

The woman no doubt possesses talent and deserves study, for she is representative of large sectors of our urban life. She is innocently rude, combining an uncouth will to self-expression (and clamorous approval) with commercial guile. For all her folly, she is nobody's fool. There is in her a certain good-humored contempt for the fraudulence of the circumstances in which she thrives. She shows the urchin's derision of its phony elders—teachers, preachers, politicians and *artistes*. She is as suspicious and as determinedly crafty as a no-nonsense hussy defending herself against the swindle of crooked tradesmen.

In a more intimate "room" she can be convivially vulgar with an audience that finds itself in a world no longer worth taking seriously, as if to say "we are all buried under a pile of shit!" For all of this, there is in Midler a goofy lyricism that is poignant when it is not dismaying because of its distortion. And even that distortion has its endearing side because we recognize the social realities that cause it, but now an element of mechanized routine has intruded. The fabulously spunky waif has become enmeshed in a million-dollar industry which commands unnecessarily elaborate settings and, from the way it is placed on a complicated arrangement of tiers, what appears to be an overblown jazz band. I felt as though I too had been caught in the grinding wheels of a gigantic factory. How can the original Midler quality cope with so monstrous a trap? What was initially spontaneous and, for all its guying grimace, basically healthy and sweet has become brittle as well as strained, so that both audience and performer work terribly hard to convince each other that their exercise is as orgiastically joyous and liberating as it once was and is still advertised to be. □

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MENDELSSOHN: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 2. Murray Perahia, piano. Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; Neville Marriner, cond. Columbia M 33207. $6.98.

Perahia's playing is so straightforward that its imaginative qualities—notably the variety and color that give structural underpinning to the fleet passagework—might easily be overlooked. But then the same danger exists with the music itself, for Mendelssohn's charm and facility of invention also conceal a sure grasp of form, harmonic motion and the piano's textural possibilities. A lovely record, despite a slightly backward placing of the soloist and a mildly obtrusive splice in the slow movement of the second concerto.

RAVEL: Piano Music. Philippe Entremont, piano (with Dennis Lee, piano, in duets). Columbia D3M 33311. $13.98 (three discs).

RAVEL: Sonatine; *Valses nobles et sentimentales*; *Le tombeau de Couperin*. Pascal Rogé, piano. London CS 6873. $6.98.

The fact that Entremont is president of the Académie Internationale de Musique Maurice Ravel might lead to certain expectations—with respect to accuracy, if not imagination. No such luck. He perpetuates tiresome rhythmic misreadings, some of which may have had a certain validity in the context of an older performing tradition but are here reproduced mechanically and unconvincingly. He perpetrates manifold dynamic distortions, usually on the side of loudness, and bangs out accents in a manner guaranteed to trivialize any melody or texture. Finally, the upper register of his piano, as recorded, resembles nothing so much as a banjo—hardly the ideal tonal spectrum for music that significantly expanded the piano's coloristic resources. One need not make the comparison with young Rogé's record—evidently the first installment of a similarly integral series—to perceive this, but the juxtaposition is devastating, especially given the smooth, full-toned London recording. Rogé owns a responsive technique and approaches the music with fitting coolness, clarity and character.

CHOPIN: Piano Sonata No. 2 in B-flat minor; *Andante Spianato and Grand Polonaise*; Scherzo No. 2 in B-flat minor. Martha Argerich, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 2530 530. $7.98.

Argerich's formidable energy tempts one to dub her a Rostropovich of the keyboard, even if that sobriquet has in effect already been pre-empted by the Russian cellist himself. Her headlong traversal of the Scherzo and the Sonata's first movement is more than a little imposing but later, in the trios of the second and third movements, where so much energy would clearly be excessive, it is withdrawn almost entirely, manifesting itself only in finicky rhythmic distortions of an otherwise limp motion—hardly a substitute for control and flexibility in the expenditure of power and impetus. For all its splash, this is limited playing, eventually wearing.

BEETHOVEN: Bagatelles, Opp. 33 and 126. Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia M 33265. $6.98.

Question: Does Gould play so perversely in order to elicit outraged reviews from stodgy critics, thus consolidating an anti-Establishment image that presumably sells records to an essentially nonmusical market? (He certainly can't have sold much of this kind of Beethoven to the same people who listen to Schnabel, Brendel, Serkin, Kempff, et al.)

Question: Does Gould feel that his vocal obbligato provides sufficient illusion of continuity that he can play at otherwise impossibly slow tempos, or does he play so slowly to make sure that we can hear his singing in between the notes?

Question: Why isn't this record billed as Gould's "Fantasias on Beethoven's Bagatelles"? Hardly anything except the pitches significantly resembles what Beethoven put on paper.

Question: Can anybody take Gould seriously anymore? □

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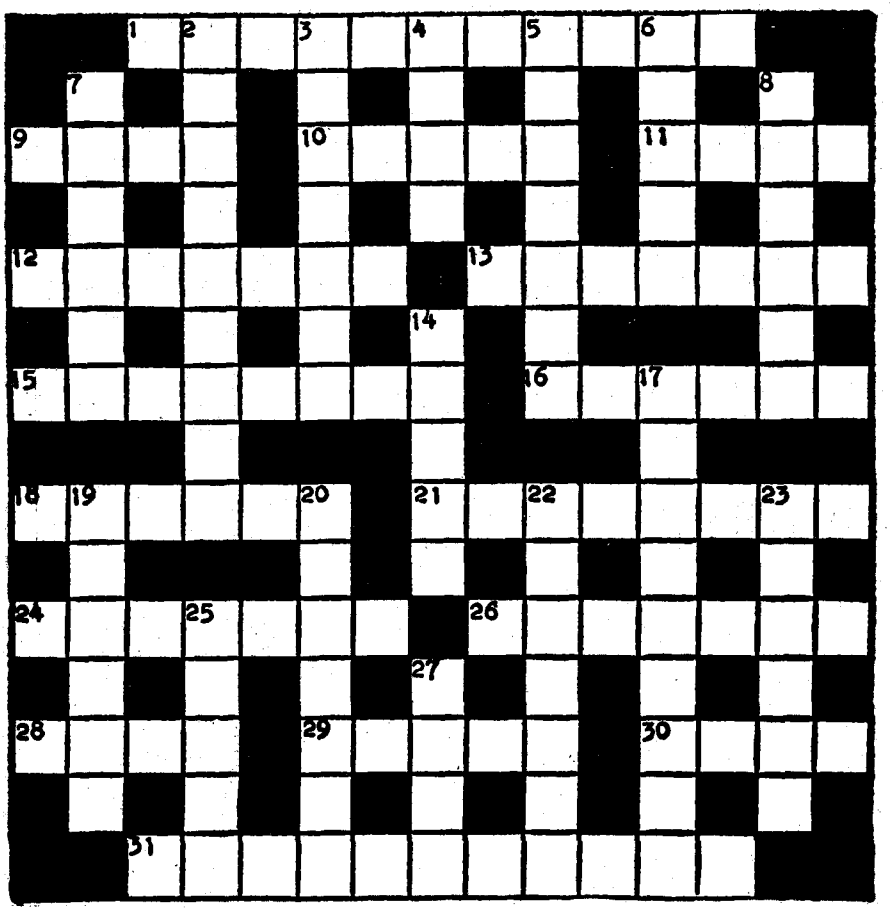
Crossword Puzzle No. 1585

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Gaffs, small nets, etc., perhaps kept locked up by the captain until required. (7,4)
9 Alias Mr. Rice? (4)
10 Absolute rival, is Bob! (5)
11 It might be Rubinstein's forte. (4)
12 The sort of case found in embassies? (7)
13 and 15 Certainly not on the wanted list. (7,3,5)
16 Makes tea obtained from the high spots of poetry. (6)
18 Of, for, or by the people. (6)
21 Improper cuts look likely to keep people from working. (4-4)
24 The sort of daily paper laid out, settles things ahead of time. (7)
26 and 28 A metal pipe does for certain old-fashioned aerials, but poor sailors may find it rough. (6,5)
29 It might be a strain for a musician, but less of a strain for the good student. (5)
30 These birds are bound to be found in the museum. (4)
31 A decathlon winner should be so good, whatever happens. (2,3,6)

DOWN

2 Port for St. Michael? (9)
3 Shadrach made part of it for a little money. (7)
4 Mrs. Helmer, or an alias? (4)
5 Well, one of these might be—like over-talkative types. (7)
6 Shrugged by Rand, or by Rand McNally? (5)
7 Got upset about the decay in the cavern-like recess. (6)
8 Some noses do appear so, eventually. (4,2)
14 See 27 down.
17 You might consider it compensation for work. (9)
19 How some people unwind. (6)
20 It should be clear the last sort has to weep first. (7)
22 Sort of get in the heart of things, if you're trying to make a train. (7)
23 A wearisome state. (6)
25 A little light for a steersman! (5)
27 and 14 As a usual thing, it might have been a McCarthy political meeting. (9)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1584

ACROSS: 1 Guardian angel; 9 On cue; 10 Glorified; 11 Inroads; 13 Grind; 14 Grass plot; 16 Night game; 18 Posts; 19 Incites; 21 Stratum; 22 Translate; 23 Tenon; 24 Field Marshals. DOWN: 1 Growing anxiety; 2 and 12 According to Hoyle; 3 Die-hard; 4 Argus; 5 About face; 6 Geishas; 7 Laity; 8 Advertisements; 14 Grassland; 15 Lusitania; 17 To taste; 18 Pirates; 20 Chaff; 21 Sheba.

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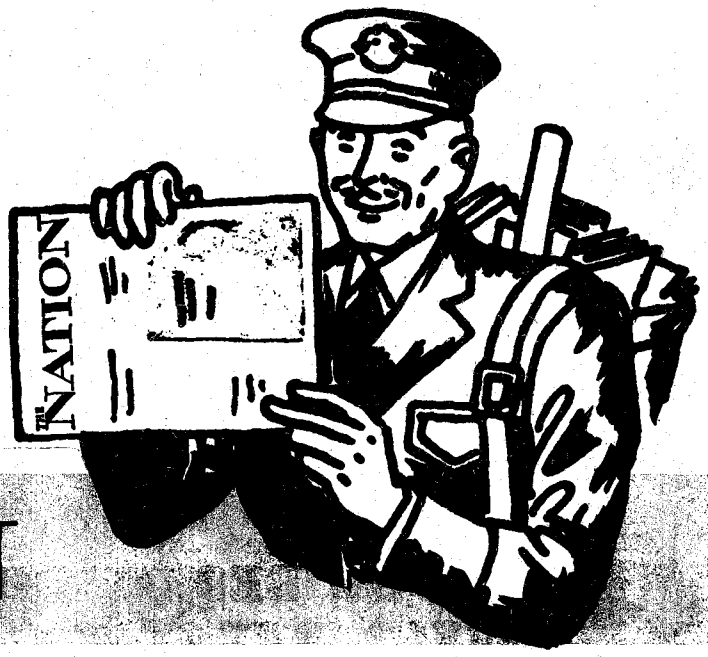

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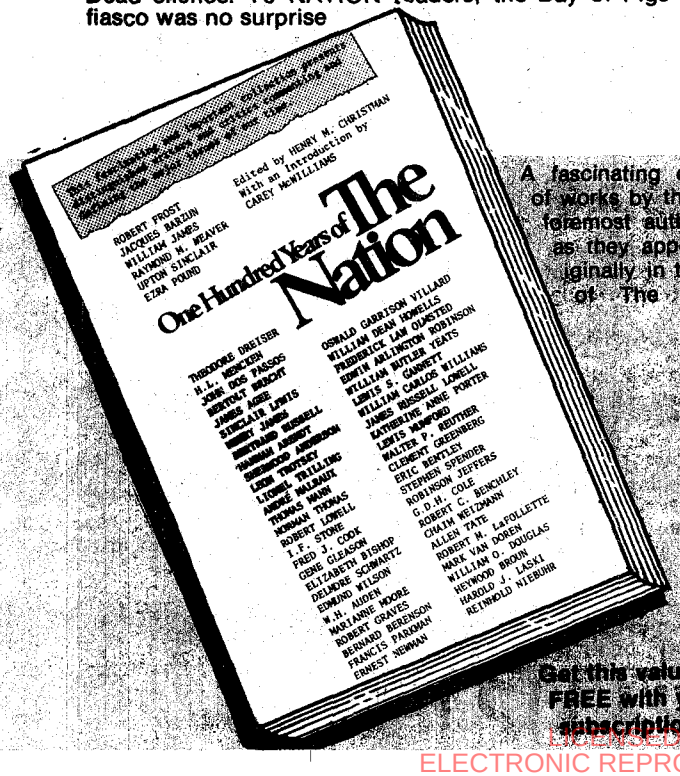

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